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State Library July 01

FIRE DESTROYS THE HOME OF T. McDERMOTT

Building was Entirely Consumed Early This Morning.

CHILDREN ESCAPE IN NIGHTROBES

Little of the Furniture was Saved—Fire Supposed to have Originated from a Defective Chimney—Loss Partially Covered by Insurance.

At 4:10 o'clock this morning an alarm of fire was turned in over the telephone from the Smethport Glass factory, and it was not long after that the Smethport Hose Company was going to the scene of the conflagration, which proved to be the house on West Main street owned and occupied by Thomas McDermott and family.

When the Hose company arrived on the scene the house was so completely enveloped in flames that there was no chance of saving any part of it, so the fire fighters directed their attention to prevent its spreading to the house nearby, in which they were successful.

It is not known exactly how the fire originated, but it is the opinion of Mr. McDermott that it caught from a defect in the chimney in the attic over the kitchen; which was only one story high. He informed us this morning that his wife was awakened about 4 o'clock by the smell of smoke. They went down to the kitchen where they found fire in the ceiling. He thought he could put the fire out without assistance, not realizing that the fire was in the meantime gaining headway in the attic. He thought he had the fire under control when a light reflecting on the window of the adjoining house attracted his attention and he discovered that the roof over the kitchen was a mass of flames.

His wife, who had been assisting him, hurried up stairs to awaken and get out their children, while he devoted what time he had to saving some of the furniture on the first floor. So rapid was the advance of the flames that the children were barely rescued in their nightclothes and the furniture saved amounted to very little.

The loss amounts to about $1,400, on which there is an insurance of $800. This morning Mr. McDermott's entire wardrobe consists of a suit of underwear, socks, shoes, trousers, sweater, coat and a borrowed hat.

"The Fascinating Widow."

One of the brightest, liveliest and most up-to-date musical farces of the day will be presented at Smethport on Tuesday, Jan. 26, when the well known comedian, Dris B. Thayer, will appear at the Lyceum in his latest starring success, "The Fascinating Widow," by C. T. Dazey, author of that sterling play, "In Old Kentucky."

In "The Fascinating Widow" Mr. Thayer has a part exactly suited to his peculiar personality and one that gives him ample opportunity to display his wonderful versatility as well.

The plot of the farce is hinged upon a little flirtation in a railway station and the complications and humorous situations follow one another in quick succession. Inter-persed throughout the comedy are a number of latest musical suggestions sung by a bright and lively chorus. So carefully have three selections been arranged that they in no way interfere with the merits of the plot, but simply add more to the riot of amusement and pleasure provided by the entire company.

Mr. Thayer is supported by a capable cast of principals.

Travellers' Club Meeting.

A special program was rendered at the last regular meeting of the Travellers' Club, Saturday, Jan. 16, was designated as Teachers' Day, and was in charge of the three members who are teachers in the public schools. Miss Anderson read a paper on the Life and Work of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Miss Tretton gave a study of the "Holy Grail," and Miss Allen reviewed "The Princess." Appropriate music was beautifully rendered by Miss Todd, Mrs. Scott Walker, Mrs. Victor Boaton and Miss Tretton. Quotations from Tennyson were read by the members in answer to roll call. Dainty refreshments were served by the teachers. The Club teas will be continued on alternate Saturdays. On Jan. 23, Mesdames Warley Gifford, Charles McKean and Scott Walker will serve. All are invited. Proceeds to be added to club house fund.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Yates, Smethport, Pa.

LOST—A brooch about the size of a 25 cent piece set with a pearl nearly that size. Please leave at this office.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

Death of Mrs. Harriet Tucker Day.

Mrs. Harriet Tucker Day died at the residence of her son, Nelson M. Day, on Monday night. Mrs. Day had been in poor health for some months and her death was not unexpected at any time for the past few weeks. Harriet Tucker was born in the town of Poland in Chautauqua county, N. Y., on the 10th day of May, 1830, and was at the time of her death in her 79 year. At an early age she was married to Charles Day of South Valley, N. Y., and the family resided there until the death of Mr. Day, about twenty years ago, and after this, Mrs. Day made her home in Kennedy, N. Y., for several years until she came to the home of her son Nelson M. Day of this place, about three years ago. She leaves three brothers—David Tucker of Ononville, N. Y., Robert Tucker of Tunessassa, N. Y., and William Tucker of Brocton, N. Y. She also leaves two sisters—Mrs. Malissa Day of Union City, Pa., and Mrs. Bryson of Kings county, California. Of her own immediate family there remain three sons—Nelson M. of this place; A. L. and Liverne Day of Jamestown.

Mrs. Day has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for many years and her life gave evidence of a strong and sincere faith in Him whom she sought to honor in her words and in her deeds. Through all her long life she was source of comfort and helpfulness to those of her own family and to those with whom she came into association.

A short service was held from the house on Tuesday afternoon and then the body was taken on the afternoon train to Kennedy, N. Y., where the funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon in charge of the Rev. Eli Way, a relative of the family.

Stole Mail Pouch at Bradford.

Saturday's Era says: A few minutes before 7 o'clock last evening, a mail pouch containing first-class matter picked up between Punxsutawney and Bradford, and consigned to New York and Chicago was stolen from a truck at the Erie depot, this city.

The mail sack was one of four taken from the B., R. & P. local passenger train due in this city from the South at 6:15 p. m. It was marked "New York and Chicago." The sack is taken over by the Erie road hacks going to Salamanca and thence to the east and west.

Night Baggage Agent Keelan, of the B., R. & P., as is usually his custom, transferred the four sacks from the B., R. & P. to the Erie, as he did so, he met Hugh Nelson of the Erie, transferring a number of sacks to the B., R. & P. from the Erie. It was during the brief interval that Nelson was absent from the Erie platform that the mail pouch was stolen.

The police were notified of the robbery and at once set to work in the hope of locating the stolen property. The railroad yards were searched but there was no trace of the missing pouch.

The thief, doubtless, was familiar with the manner in which the transfer was made and, watching his opportunity, seized the sack and hurried it to a place of concealment.

Civil Court News.

Civil court convened on Monday at 2 p. m. with Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding. Judge Ormerod arrived here on Tuesday and has been assisting Mr. Bouton.

The case of the Citizens Gas Co. vs. B. L. Whitney and the Bradford Gas Co., called for trial Monday afternoon, the plaintiff's side was heard until Tuesday afternoon when the counsel for both sides by agreement, had the jury withdrawn and the case continued.

In the case of the Traders Club of Bradford vs. Rosenberg & Michael, E. M. Horchkiss, agent, the jury reported as follows: "We find a verdict in favor of the defendants and certify that the amount of rent in arrears at the time of the issuing of the landlord's warrant, to be the sum of $73.50."

In the case of H. E. Camp vs. Lester Simons, a verdict for the plaintiff was rendered.

Exploding Tank Kills Man.

A shocking death was that which overtook Gust. Holquist, employed in the plant of the Petroleum Products Co. at Bingham, Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Holquist was at work near an iron gas tank, which owing to some reason, exploded. A portion of the tank struck the man with fatal force on the abdomen. He was hurled to the ground with great violence and when his fellow workmen reached his side he was dying. A physician was sent for, but he expired before the doctor's arrival.

Coroner Sherman and Undertaker Still were summoned. After an inquiry the coroner decided that no inquest was necessary.

The deceased was aged 30 years and is survived by a widow and two children who live in Bingham. The burial will take place at Mt. Jewett.—Bradford Era.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

THE 62nd FROG BANQUET.

Representatives of All Parties Vie With the Frogs in Giving Peeper Hilton the Bull Frog Degree.

Probably the largest and most representative gathering of men of all political faiths that was ever held in the State was the one that greeted Honorable Peeper Robert W. Hilton, on the occasion of his banquet to Swamp No. 1, Ancient and Independent Order of Frogs, which event occurred at the Wright House Oasis, Thursday evening, January 14, 1909, A. D., A. F., 6109, at ten o'clock and thirty minutes, Washington time.

At the request of the candidate, Peeper Hilton, representatives of various political parties, Local Option advocates of different brands and Feathered Knights Errant of Renown, were permitted, by special dispensation granted by the Supreme Congenial Frog of the Universe, to participate with the Frogs in this, the first cold water event of the Abraham Era of the Order.

In accordance with the time honored custom, the Noble Patriarchs of the Order assembled at the Frog Building, No. 4-11-44 Tadpole Lane and formed procession, carrying the Toad Stool and various regalia and insignia of the Order to the Oasis, where they were joined by all the Polly wogs, Tadpoles, Peepers in Waiting, Frogs and the guests of the evening, and the Triumphal march to the banquet hall was taken up. On arrival at the festive board the S. C. F. took his accustomed place on the throne, surrounded by other Frogs on their accustomed Toad Stools, and the guests were conducted to their proper places by Vice Guiding Frog Hamlin.

At the direction of the S. C. F. of the Universe, Abraham Lincoln Gallup, the roll call was read by Recording Toad Redfield, to which all the Frogs of the Universe responded at their proper Toad Stools either by name or proxy, except Frog Gallup, W. H. H-O, the Supreme Short Skate Frog of the Universe, who is now a Dormant Frog, owing to cold feet.

The committee on credentials reported the following delegates from their respective parties present and entitled to seats: Local Option, Home Rule, Referendum, Majority Rule, &c, &c., represented by Ever Treating Daly and Allolnia Park; Woman's Rights and Social Equality, Jeremiah Revolutionizer Foote; People's Party and Personal Liberty League, well represented. The entire Democratic party of the county was present with the exception of two from Smethport borough and one from Corydon 2nd., Unterrified present were as follows, viz: J. P. Devlin, county commissioner; F. P. Isherwood, county treasurer; Hon. R. W. Hilton, Representative; H. O. Wells, F. H. Hungerville and E. T. Daly. Among those also present was Robert Hamilton, the man without a party.

The S. C. F., being that the sign of distress was raised in front of every Toad Stool requested Peeper Hilton to revoke the planks of his platform which had any bearing on Airzone. In reply the Peeper directed his private secretary, Jeremiah Revolutionizer Foote, to read suitable extracts from his celebrated speech delivered at the court house during the heat of the recent campaign. After an impressive reading of the Arizone plank of the said Peeper's platform it was ruled by the S. C. F. that the signs of distress should not be displayed during the present croaking, and if they were they would be ignored by the S. C. F. out of respect to said Peeper.

At this juncture there was a great scramble for the water wagon, "any port in a storm."

Dr. Chadwick, as chairman of the corpler's inquest committee, reported that the turkey, which he also presented for inspection, had died from unnatural causes and not from old age as might be inferred from its name, Methusaleh. Grand Masticating Frog McCoy, assisted by the official "Weigher In," Tiberius Jonah Cole, also passed on this matter and stated that they had viewed the remains and found them fit in every way for the requirements of the meeting, the official weight being 24 pounds dressed.

The Gray Haired Senator from Hasson resigned from the Ways and Means committee and Frog Gallup, W. H. H. O. S. S., was chosen to fill the vacancy on said committee, provided he regains his power to hop.

The S. C. F. again noting the signs of distress stated that the object of this meeting was to eat only, and the onslaught of the turkey and the rest of the delicious dinner began, Grand Masticating Frog McCoy leading.

The S. C. F. announced receipt of telegrams from absent members expressing regrets at being unable to take their places at a banquet where Airzone did not flow, also a message through space commanding the committee on Growth of the Order to wear the new form of head-gear approved by the S. C. F., a supply of which was furnished with the message, until said committee had performed the duties assigned them.

A toast of Hot Water was drank to the candidate. This proved to be a very difficult feat for the Frogs to perform and caused considerable dissention in the ranks and on the Toad Stools.

At this juncture the candidate attired in his green robes,

"O Thou most Eminent Frog, how proud you are;
Dressed in Nature's Green Garb so fair,
And lips so sweet,
You occulate the settle so neat,
And as you give your parting kiss, you take your seat,
Give your hind legs for the millions to eat."

—I. S. R.

and accompanied by the S. C. F. and Guiding Frog, was taken to the Frog Building where the impressive degree of "Bull Frog" was conferred on him. On his return to the festive board the new Frog was introduced to the Frogs of the Universe and the S. C. F. told him that he was now in full possession of his hind legs, and that he would now be instructed further in the history of the Order and its objects.

The lecture for public initiation was delivered in an impressive manner by Spittle Keeper Burdick, and the candidate was annointed with the Ware Juice. He was supported through the ordeal by his private secretary, J. Revolutionizer Foote. The new Frog returned thanks for being received into the Ancient Order and promised to be loyal to its objects at all times, especially at Harrisburg, and will undertake to have new measures passed there at once looking for the further protection of the hind legs of all Frogs.

Speech making was now in order and some beautiful gems of thought were for the first time produced. F. D'Hill Gallup read a report of the doings of the last term of court. The following effusions were offered by the Recording Toad:

There's a law maker whose name is McKean,
Who very seldom does things in vain,
But now, each friend that he would
Says, "Jim, you and Shentz
Had best come in out of the rain."

Buckus is a friend of McKean,
Laboring under a terrible strain,
He expects an appointment,
But is sad disappointment
May cause him with us to remain.

John Moore, from the Dirty Fifth of Hamilton, with the Bell Telephone company, gave the politicians present some valuable suggestions on wire pulling.

The S. C. F. arose and announced that under no conditions would he ever again preside at a croaking unless the Arizone flowed with its accustomed freedom. This sentiment seemed to meet with the approval of the Frogs on their Toad Stools, but the Water Wagon committee took exceptions to it. The S. H.-V. C. McKean then sang the Bumble Bee song, and after the singing of the Closing Ode the croaking came to close. Hon. Frog Hilton was commended to the Frogs of Harrisburg Swamp, and with Hon. Frog McKean to chaperone him during his stay in that Swamp, it was thought that much good will come to the Order through their efforts.

The banquet was a very enjoyable one to all present, Host Sherburne fairly outdoing all previous efforts to satisfy the hungry gathering, and all wished Hon. Frog Hilton a successful term of office and long life and happiness as a Frog.

—P.P.P.

"Pennsy" Adopts Boy.

Adoption by the Pennsylvania Ry. Co., one of the largest and the richest of railway corporations in the world, is the fortune of Jared Barker of Larwell, Ind., 16 years old, son of James Barker, a laborer. The adoption is a reward for bravery.

Young Barker saved the lives of scores of passengers a year ago by averting a wreck of the 18-hour flyer near his home.

His parents could not afford the education for which he longed. Now a high school and college course is a certainty, and his chief ambition is to fit himself for employment by the corporation which has befriended him.

Jared is already in his first year of high school work and is applying himself so studiously that his teachers look upon him as one of the brightest in his classes.

At the end of every month a report of the boy's progress is forwarded to the Pennsylvania railroad headquarters for consideration at the annual meeting of the board of directors where men who breathe millions with every pulse beat, that they may know how deserving of reward their son really is.

A year ago young Barker discovered a pile of ties on the Pennsylvania track near Larwell, placed there to wreck the Chicago flyer. Unable to remove the obstruction and knowing that a wreck would result unless the train was stopped, Jared ran three miles to a flag station, arriving just in time to warn the train crew of the danger.

He was taken into the engine and the train proceeded cautiously to the place he had indicated. Here the passengers crowded around the youthful hero, thanked him for saving their lives, and took up collection of $100 which was given him.

Don't forget to vote for Holder at the primaries.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LEGISLATIVE BODIES ARE NOW AT WORK.

Harrisburg Board of Trade Entertains Capitol Hill Men.

SENATOR PENROSE IS RE-ELECTED.

Governor Stuart, Senator Penrose, President Pro Tem. Sisson, Speaker Cox and Many Others Speak at Board of Trade Meeting—Other Matters of Interest.

Both bodies of the Pennsylvania legislature convened Monday night after a recess of nearly two weeks. These sessions were short, only a few resolutions being offered and the balance of the time was taken up in a brief address by Col. A. K. McClure of Philadelphia, who in past 80 years of age and the oldest surviving ex-senator and ex-representative.

Immediately upon assembling Speaker Cox announced as a committee on rules Messrs. Meyer, Lebanon; Shurr, Philadelphia; Shreve, Erie; Lydick, Allegheny; Flynn, Elk. This committee immediately made report.

In submitting one of its rules, that to create the new Judiciary Special Committee, Mr. Shreve said that there were plenty of lawyers in the House and that the Judiciary General Committee was overworked, not having time to properly digest bills. Mr. Reynolds of Lawrence supported his stand, saying that in the last session 201 bills, besides those coming from the Senate, had been acted upon by the committee, of which Mr. Beidleman was chairman. The rule went through.

The other committee was created when fish and game was divided. This was held to be necessary because there will be both fish and game bills this session and hearings on this subject must be held.

The rule to increase the working membership of committees was presented by Mr. Flynn and provided that Appropriations should be increased to forty, Roads to thirty-five, Public Health and Sanitation to thirty-five and Electric Railways to thirty-five.

The rule to refer all resolutions occasioned no comment and no objection, although soon afterward Mr. Cooper had to be told about it when he sought to have immediate action taken on a resolution to require all bills to be so drafted that their constitutionality could be ascertained by looking at the title.

When the House and Senate were called to order at 2:30 p. m. on Tuesday United States Senator Boies Penrose was given a majority of the votes cast in each body for re-election as senator from Pennsylvania for the term of six years.

In the Senate the vote was as follows: Penrose, 36; Dimeling, 10; Stuart, 1; Shatz, 1.

Senator Mellhenny of Philadelphia, an Independent Republican, voted for Governor Stuart; Senator Weingartner of Lawrence county voted for State Treasurer Shentz. Senator Dimeling did not vote.

The House voted as follows: Penrose, 162; Dimeling, 32; Stuart, 1; Pottenger, 1; absent, 3; not voting, 8.

Dearden of Philadelphia voted for Governor Stuart, and Scott of Philadelphia for William Potter, former United States Minister to Italy.

Those present and not voting were: Dennison of Warren, Floto and Knepper of Somerset, Martin of Mercer, Reynolds and Wallace of Lawrence, Bookwell of Tioga and Cribbs of Allegheny. Absent, Gray, Kennedy and Zuller.

The Senate and House met in joint session on Wednesday and after a canvass of the vote of the previous day Senator Penrose was declared elected. Then followed the announcing of committees and appointees and an adjournment was taken until Monday next.

Colonel A. K. McClure, one of the country's most distinguished journalists who was a guest of Governor Stuart Monday evening, addressed both houses, it being the fifth second anniversary of his entrance into the House as a Representative from Franklin county and the fiftieth as Senator.

To the House Colonel McClure in part said: "I am doubly proud of Pennsylvania because she stands in the forefront, also, of beneficence to humanity. When I came to this House in 1857 not a State asylum existed—not a State hospital. To-day, as you know as well as I, every infirmity to which the children of sorrow are heir has been considered and considered well, and ample provision has been made in all lines for such of those children as may be afflicted.

"I am delighted that the government of Pennsylvania has always been up to the highest standard. No state in the United States has had better government than she during the last half century and it remains with each of you to do his share in seeing that she shall not swerve from this course.

"I do not believe that this Commonwealth will go backward. I have confidence in her people—the voters. I have confidence in her executive officers—in the legislators—in the judiciary—and when I close my eyes for the last time—which cannot be long—I will do so feeling confident that the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania will continue to advance for you and your children and your children's children."

Ex-Speaker Frank B. McClain has made the following statement:

"The Speaker of the House, Mr. Cox, tendered me the chairmanship of the Corporations Committee, of which I was chairman during three sessions prior to my election as Speaker. He also offered me the other committee assignments I had before being made Speaker.

"I asked to be excused from serving as chairman of any committee for the reason that, having been chairman at one time or another of most of the important committees of the House and having had the added prestige of the Speakership, no additional prestige would be gained by accepting a chairmanship at this time; and as there were members of the House who had served two or three sessions who had never had important committee chairmanships, I asked him to give the chairmanship he offered me to one of those members.

"I informed the Speaker, as an additional reason for not accepting the chairmanship, that I desired to be an absolutely free lance during this session. As a member of the House, however, it is my duty to accept service on committees, and I will accept such assignments as the Speaker may desire, but only to committee membership, not a chairmanship."

Tuesday evening the members of the Harrisburg Board of Trade held a reception and supper a buffet 1 o'clock for the members of the Senate and House and others interested in law making on Capitol Hill. Short addresses were delivered by Governor Stuart, Lieut. Gov. Murphy, Senator Penrose, President Pro Tem. of the Senate Sisson, Speaker Cox and E. J. Stackpole and Senator John E. Fox of the Board of Trade, and a large crowd enjoyed a very pleasant evening. The object of these receptions, which are given bi-annually, is to make the Capitol Hill visitors feel more at home and incidentally to encourage our law makers in the Capitol park extension plan, which would add much to the beauty of Harrisburg as well as the Capitol and grounds. The time is coming when this extension will be authorized but it does not look as though the time was yet ripe for the outlay.

Roosevelt's Long Ride.

President Roosevelt rode ninety-eight miles on horseback one day recently and when he dismounted at the White House door, more than seventeen hours after having departed therefrom, he did not show any marked signs of weariness.

The object of the long ride in the saddle, he explained, was to prove to the critics who have found fault with the fact that he requires all army and navy officers to take a physical test, that if a president who is not in training, can ride ninety miles plus one day without being laid up in bed thereby, it should not be too much to ask the men who are supposed to be in the best physical training all the time to ride ninety miles in three day."

Mounting his faithful rider and jumper "Roswell" in front of the White House door at 8:30 a. m., he dismounted at the same place at 5:40 o'clock at night. The journey was to Warrenton, Va., and back.

"And Virginia roads in the winter time are usually not in the best condition," said the president.

With the president were Dr. Rixey, surgeon general of the navy, Dr. Cairi Grayson and Captain Archibald Butt, one of the president's aides.

On the returned trip the last thirty miles of the journey were made in sleet and rain, while the last fifteen miles were in almost pitch darkness. Arriving at the Aqueduct bridge across the Potomac, the president refused to take the carriage which was waiting there for him. When he dismounted his hat and coat were frozen stiff with glaze and ice. There were four relays of horses.

Both the outward and the return trip lay through Fairfax Court House to Warrenton. Arriving at Warrenton the president was greeted by a gathering of citizens and school children to whom he spoke a few words of greeting. They took luncheon at the Warren Green hotel and after a short rest started to return.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most fashionable and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas shown and carried out by trimmers and designers who know how to secure proper effect. Miss [illegible]

LOST—A gold quill [illegible]. W. Finder please leave at this office.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Fate and Mrs. Bayard.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"You may come in," called Ethel, eying approvingly the tall, well-proportioned figure in the doorway. "I'm hiding," she explained as Chisholm came forward. "I'm hiding from a man."

"Remarkable!" was Chisholm's quiet comment as he dropped into a chair opposite the settee on which Miss Sprague sat. "I have come here to hide from a woman—a woman I never met."

Ethel clapped her hands. "Wouldn't it be funny if it happened that you were running away from me and I were running away from you and we both should be hiding here together—from each other?"

"More than likely we are the victims of Mrs. Bayard's well intentioned efforts," asserted Chisholm. "It is odd that after dodging Mrs. Bayard we should find ourselves in the same retreat with the common aim of avoiding each other."

"If you should tell me your name," suggested Ethel, "we could find out if we really are the only two victims of Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking craze."

"And rob the situation of its piquancy!" objected Chisholm. "No, Miss—Miss—or—Miss Dimples. I think we will enjoy a chat far more, because we are not absolutely certain that presently we will emerge from our retreat only to be pounced upon by the energetic Mrs. Bayard, thereupon to be introduced to each other while the world—our little world—looks on and smiles its commiseration."

"Mrs. Bayard means well," declared Ethel, "but it is dreadful the way she goes around introducing people with a look that says, 'Now I have introduced you young people I shall expect you to be married immediately, because you are perfectly suited to each other.' Every one finds such amusement in Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking that her victims are married persons so they come to hate each other."

"If she were content with mere hints it would not be so bad," continued Chisholm comfortably. "But she had me over here this morning to tell me that tonight I should meet my fate."

"And she wrote me," explained Ethel, "that she has three sets of visitors here tonight, so as soon as I came I made straight for this direction nook. Mrs. Bayard believes in dictation booths to further her laudable ends, and it seemed a clever bit of satire to take refuge in one of her matrimonial traps."

"I felt much the same way," assented Chisholm. "Of course some time in the course of the evening I shall have to undergo the ordeal, but I am trying to defer her introduction until the last moment.

"This is the first time that I ever have been warned that I must marry, whether or no, and—well, I don't suppose that it would sound right to say that I am bashful, but I don't seem to fancy the idea."

"Which is ungrateful when Mrs. Bayard goes to such trouble on our account," reminded Ethel. "She gives three or four balls a year just to 'bring people together,' as she expresses it."

"Just as though the people would not find each other if let alone!" commented Chisholm, with a laugh. "Now, I can imagine that in happier circumstances I might"—

"What?" demanded Ethel as Chisholm paused.

"I was going to say," he concluded, "that left to myself I might perhaps have carried out Mrs. Bayard's wishes through natural impulse and not through a sense of duty."

Ethel colored softly at the remark, for the meaning was not to be mistaken. Moreover, she suddenly regretted the matchmaking propensities of her hostess, which had resulted in prejudicing the mind of this new found acquaintance against her.

"I remember when I was a youngster in short trousers," reminisced Chisholm, "that one day my father mixed a pail of whitewash, placed a brush beside it and gave me strict orders not to whitewash the chicken coops because I did not have the requisite skill. Then he went downtown, and I took chances on a thrashing to prove that I could do it."

"We always want to do the forbidden things," assented Ethel. "I suppose we inherit the trait from our first parents."

"It's human nature," agreed Chisholm. "Now, if Mrs. Bayard had said, 'Above all things, keep away from Miss—or—Dimples,' I should have hunted up the introduction the very first thing instead of running off to hide."

"And then you make my acquaintance the very first thing, just the same."

"But we are not certain, you know," pleaded Chisholm eagerly. "You said yourself that there were four other victims."

"But of course we are one of the pairs," insisted Ethel.

"Perhaps not of the same pair. It may be that through some happy chance fate has been permitted to take a hand and do things right."

"If you would tell me who you are," suggested Ethel, "we could settle the matter."

"And spoil it all," reminded Chisholm.

"Then I shall tell you my name," declared Ethel firmly. "I am"—

"You are Miss Dimples—for just a little while," pleaded the man. "All too soon the awakening will come. Let us enjoy these few minutes without the thought that fate and Mrs. Bayard are conspiring to make us hateful to each other."

"If I am hateful"— suggested Ethel, rising.

"Don't go," pleaded Chisholm. "I didn't mean it that way. You are not hateful. You are a most adorable and charming young woman. It is only as an inevitable thing that you could become—not hateful, but"—

"Irritating," suggested Ethel, resuming her seat. "I suppose that when we are introduced I shall feel the same way about you."

"Then you do not feel that way now?" he pressed.

"You are not hateful—yet," she conceded. "I think that I should like you if I were not certain that Mrs. Bayard is looking everywhere for us to give the detested introduction."

"Then don't let us be introduced," pleaded Chisholm. "I mean not by our hostess. We can get some one else to introduce us, and when Mrs. Bayard sees us talking together she will leave us alone."

"Perhaps that might be done," agreed Ethel thoughtfully. "The only trouble is that so few here know me. It would be running a risk to go in search of an introducer."

"Then we might go and look for—the devil," he completed unexpectedly as the palms which screened the entrance parted and Mrs. Bayard swept in.

"There you are," she cried, shaking a plump, roguish forefinger at the pair. Mrs. Bayard would insist on being kittenish in spite of 200 pounds of all too solid flesh. "I have been looking everywhere for you two," she added, and Chisholm groaned. Evidently they were one of Mrs. Bayard's "pairs."

"I think it's a shame," continued the good lady. "There are Mr. Wynne and Miss Maurer flirting desperately, and all the time I've been looking for you two to introduce you to them."

A gleam of interest shone in Chisholm's eyes.

"Dear Mrs. Bayard," he suggested, "don't you think that perhaps it would be well to let that infatuated couple alone and rest content with introducing us to each other?"

"Miss Sprague—Mr. Chisholm," repeated the hostess, adding, "I am sure that you will like Miss Maurer when you meet her, Mr. Chisholm."

"I am quite convinced of that," assented Chisholm calmly. "I am already very grateful to Miss Maurer for occupying Mr. Wynne's attentions."

There was no mistaking the meaning and the mastery in Chisholm's tones. Mrs. Bayard turned and led Chisholm toward the blushing girl.

"Since it was fate and not Mrs. Bayard who took an interest in our affairs," he said significantly, "I—that is—there is a good half hour before the supper dance. Let's spend the time in getting better acquainted." And he sat down again, this time on the bench beside her.

The Sun's Light.

It has been calculated that the amount of light received from the sun is about 600,000 times that of the moon. The intrinsic brightness of the sun's disk is about 30,000 times that of a candle flame, 150 times that of the limelight and more than four times brighter than the brightest spot in the crater of an electric arc light. The darkest spot on the sun is much brighter than the limelight.—New York American.

How to Fish.

On many occasions one might imagine the fish saying to the anglers, "Take me while I am in the humor," but they take no notice of it and often attempt the feat when they are not. It is little use trying to catch fish either in the sea or fresh water when they are not in the humor to bite.—Fishing Gazette.

His Lady's Tresses.

Sarah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character lacked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the biographer of the duchess, incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively, but charming:

On the death of the duke the duchess found in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued a mass of her hair. Years before when he had thwarted her in something she resolved to mortify him, and, knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass and in a place where he must see them; for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her and showed neither anger, sorrow nor surprise.

When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until after the death of the duke she found them among those things which he had held most precious.

How Oysters Drop Pearls.

"The pearl oyster gives its pearl to you as a pretty girl gives you her white hand," said a jeweler. "Did you think that, like an oyster opener in an eating bar, the fisher pried open the shell with a knife and went jabbing about in the soft flesh? Oh, no—nothing so unpoetical. The oyster opens its lips and silently lets drop its pearl.

"The oysters," he explained, "are brought in to port and are laid on sloping boards, mouths downward. A few inches below their mouths is water. In two or three days the oysters become dreadfully dry and thirsty. The water tantalizes them. It increases their thirst. At last they open their shells, and if there are pearls within they roll forth and drop into the pans of water. That is how pearls are obtained. To open the oysters and search them is a useless task that is never thought of at the fisheries."

Too Much Equality.

"Why are you so vexed, Ima?"

"I am so exasperated! I attended the meeting of the Social Equality league, and my parlor maid presided and had the audacity to call me to order three times!"—Fliegende Blatter.

In Vain!

"In vain, in vain!" cried the young man distractedly. His hair fell in long wisps about his brows, and his countenance was deathly white.

The crowd pressed close.

"In vain, in vain!" he cried again, with wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth.

"What?" cried the crowd. "What is in vain?"

"The letter 'v!'" cried the young man as he escaped.

The Plays Mixed.

During one of his tours in this country, when the late Sir Henry Irving was playing "Twelfth Night" in New York, he revealed absentmindedness and greatly amused the members of his company and the audience. As Malvolio he was expressing surprise at a remark of Sir Toby.

"Do you know what you say?" he asked.

To his surprise, a roar of laughter echoed through the house, and his stage associates were convulsed.

He repeated the line, putting undue emphasis on the pronoun, and again the audience shouted with laughter.

It was not until after the performance he learned that quite unconsciously he had been parodying the well known words of "The Private Secretary." His only explanation was that it was done in a bit of forgetfulness while thinking of the other play.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Ghost Story.

Floors castle, home of the Duke of Roxburghe, was the scene of a curious psychical mystery over a century ago. Sir Walter Scott relates the incident. John, third duke of Roxburghe, who died in 1804, the celebrated book collector, when arranging his library employed neither a secretary nor a librarian, but a footman called Archie, who knew every book as a shepherd does each sheep of his flock. There was a bell hung in the duke's room at Floors which was used on no occasion except to call Archie to his study. The duke died in St. James' square at a time when Archie was himself sinking under a mortal complaint. On the day of the funeral the library bell suddenly rang violently. The dying Archie sat up in bed and faltered, "Yes, my lord duke, yes, I will wait on your grace instantly." And with these words on his lips he fell back in bed and died.—St. James' Gazette.

The Broken Bottle Symbol.

The breaking of a bottle over the bow of a vessel at launching seems to be taken by many people as having a convivial, a sort of here's-looking-at-you significance, but nothing of the kind is meant; neither has it any association with Christian baptism—for the name of a martial war is given mouths before the launching. The real thing typified is sacrifice. Building a town or setting a shipwright was a solemn matter away back in the dim past, and such an act was not to be undertaken without devoting a life to propitiate the gods. Our refined and humane civilization no longer dares to offer up a prisoner or a slave on such occasions—and therefore a bottle is broken to symbolize the taking of a man's life.—United Service Gazette.

Jerome's Mistake.

One of the early ambitions of Jerome K. Jerome as an actor was to be offered his choice of playing the part of either a soldier or a donkey in a pantomime, a real donkey with four legs. After careful consideration he thought the red coat the more becoming disguise and chose the part of the soldier. Apparently he made a mistake, from the point of view of success, at all events, for a few days afterward the manager came to him and said: "You made a great mistake, Jerome, in not taking the part of the donkey. It would just suit you, and there's 5 shillings a week more in it."

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McKean County Miner.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Primaries Saturday next.

—The meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the usual time and place Saturday, Jan. 23.

—It is your duty to attend the primaries on Saturday next and help make up the ticket of your respective party.

—Nels Nelson, one of Mt. Jewett's oldest residents, died at his home in that place on Tuesday of last week, aged 72 years.

—Miss Lizzie Stiman of Endeton became violently insane after having an operation performed on her at a hospital in Buffalo a few days ago.

—Bradford is to have a new R. F. D. route. The route will be from the Bradford postoffice up the West Branch to Clark's Corners, and the Nasbitt Chemical Works, covering the section adjacent to the city's reservoirs; thence to the East Branch, as far as Toad Hollow, the carrier returning to the city via High street extension.

—Any way you take it, advertising pays. A mud turtle lays just as many eggs in a season as does a hen, and lays them all in a bunch at that, which is bound to be more of a mental strain; but the turtle doesn't advertise and the hen does, and the result is there's a hundred calls for the hen's egg in the restaurants where there's one for the turtle's, says an exchange.

—A man said to Patrick Murphy of Turtle Point had a narrow escape from a serious accident or death at the depot Wednesday evening. He tried to jump onto one of the Pullman cars after the train had started, but as the door had been closed he could not get in. He hung onto the car for several moments and then jumped. On landing he fell and rolled over a couple times, but was found to be uninjured.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Amos Clemmons was arrested at Franklin Post Thursday charged with stealing the Amity Lodge at that place last November. The building was subsequently destroyed by fire. The theft failed to excite much comment at the time of the fire, owing to the loss of $50,000. It is the theory that Clemmons burned the building to cover up thefts. He has confessed the stealing, it is alleged, but says he is not guilty of arson. Company F, 16th regiment, is among the guests.

—The W. W. Coats farm of 25 acres, located one mile from Honeoye, Pa., was sold yesterday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y., to Oscar McNeil of Greenwood, N. Y., who will take possession in November.

—Last Friday night at the G. A. R. hall, Bradford, Roy Neygus of Buffalo defeated Roy Phillips of Bradford in a wrestling match in two straight falls. The first was accomplished in 24½ minutes and the second in six minutes.

—The Bradford Hospital Training School class of 1908 held their commencement exercises in the First Presbyterian church of Bradford last Thursday evening. The seven graduates are: Misses Mary Catherine Hurley, Margaret Mabel Hunter, Isabelle Everson, Rose Fell, Arline Pratt, Essie Melton and Jane Elizabeth Stroud.

—At a meeting of gas men held at Bradford one day last week, it was decided to merge the following five gas companies: The Consumers' Gas Company of Coudersport, The Manufacturers' Gas, Light & Heat Company of Port Allegany, The Shinglehouse Natural Gas Company of Shinglehouse, The Citizens' Gas Company of Port Allegany and the Potter Gas Company. The name of the new company will be the Potter Gas Company, with main offices in Bradford. The company will be re-bonded for $1,200,000.—Potter Democrat.

—Should the experiments which are being carried on by Manager Walters of the Standard Window Glass factory, relative to the manufacture of gas from gasoline for use in the blow furnaces, prove successful, and the indications are they will, it will solve the problem of fuel for our glass plants in case the natural gas supply should become exhausted. It is estimated that gas from gasoline could be manufactured for 10 cents per thousand, which would make a cheap fuel. If the window glass manufacturers can get on a firm basis with a thorough organization, there is no reason why there should not be a revival of old times in the trade.—Kane Republican.

A great many people have kidney and bladder trouble, mostly due to neglect in the first place. Pain in the back, slight rheumatic pains, urinary disorders, etc., may in such cases be dangerous. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are for weak backs, backache, rheumatic pains and all kidney and bladder trouble. Soothing and antiseptic, and act promptly. Don't fail to get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Accept no substitute. Regular size 50c. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Peet, Clermont.

Cures Woman's Weaknesses.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial Staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription":

"A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator * * * makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in fact we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted.* In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root). Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhœa; atonic (weak) condition of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menstrual disorders due to a weak and enfeebled condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhœa (suppressed or absent monthly periods), whether from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anæmic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root, another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says:

"It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati, says of Golden Seal root:

"In relation to its general effects on the system, *there is no medicine to use about which there is such general unanimity of opinion.* It is *universally* regarded as the tonic useful in all debilitated states."

Prof. R. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Medical College, says of Golden Seal:

"Valuable in uterine hemorrhage, menorrhagia (bleeding) and congestive dysmenorrhœa (painful menstruation)."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents all the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

THE RUBY GIRDLE

"I give, devise and bequeath to my daughter, Marjorie Dare, the sum of $5,000 and the ruby girdle concealed in the partition of my old writing desk." So read Lawyer Hale.

Colonel Dare had been dead just a year when, according to directions, the lawyer had requested the immediate relatives to assemble at Ralingforth Hall for the opening of the colonel's will.

After bequests to all the near relatives and the old servants the hall and the entire estate, with the exception of the above clause, were left to his son Don.

There was a blank look on the faces of all present. No one had ever heard of the ruby girdle and it seemed preposterous that the colonel should not have made ample provision for his favorite child.

Lawyer Hale could throw no light on the matter except that the colonel had said: "Marjorie will be rich enough, for I shall leave her the maharajah's girdle."

As soon as Marjorie had recovered from her surprise she begged the lawyer to look for the girdle.

He was sitting beside the old desk and, opening it, he searched thoroughly in every part, but nothing was to be seen of the jewels.

Marjorie turned to her brother and said, "Well, Don, you have a penniless sister on your hands."

Putting his arm around her, Don said, "My father knew that you would always be my first thought, dear, and I shall take care to merit his confidence." Then in a whisper for her ear alone he said mischievously, "I shall not have you long on my hands, I am afraid."

A blush rose to Marjorie's brow as she thought of the handsome fellow to whom she had recently plighted her troth. He was the son of the squire, whom she had known all her life. Eric Chowchill was ten years older than Marjorie and had always thought of her as a little girl.

When our war with Spain opened he joined the rough riders. On his return home he found the colonel's daughter almost a stranger to him.

In that short time she had blossomed into a very charming young maiden and mate. It fascinated the young soldier to see the beautiful gray eyes droop before his ardent gaze, and in a few short weeks he was madly in love with his old playmate. The course of true love seemed to run smoothly in his case and they were engaged.

The year of mourning for the colonel having passed, they were to be married shortly, and one evening soon after the reading of the will the two lovers were sitting in the window seat in the library. They were talking of the pretty home that Eric had furnished for his bride, and Marjorie said wistfully: "I wish, Eric, that I were not a portionless girl. Even a ruby belt would have been something. What do you suppose has become of it?"

"I do not know, my darling, and care less, only that it would please you to have it. Did your father never mention it in his letters to you from India?"

"No, I am sure he did not, but I have all his letters, and we will read them over and see. I will get them at once."

Marjorie soon returned with an old leather case, which she handed to Eric. As she seated herself and leaned against his shoulder to read the letters Eric could not resist kissing the beautiful face so close to his again and again. Then together they read the letters carefully, but found no mention of the girdle of the maharajah.

Marjorie reread a portion of the last one. It ran thus: "My Dear Ones—I shall always cherish this old desk for the memories of the loving words I have written to you on it."

With a bound Marjorie sprang to her feet, scattering letters and case on the floor. "Oh, Eric! You do not suppose, papa meant this old desk? He had it with him in India."

"I cannot say, my dear, but we can soon tell," said Eric, almost as much excited as Marjorie. As Eric lifted the cover he said breathlessly: "I believe you are right. This cover is too heavy for an ordinary desk."

Taking his jackknife, he gently pried the cover apart, and there, on a lining of white velvet, lay a superb belt of rubies. Marjorie gave a cry of delight as she gazed at the lovely thing and then let Eric clasp it around her waist. On the quaint gold clasp was engraved, "For my little Marjorie on her wedding day."

Tears filled Marjorie's eyes as she thought of the loving father who could not give her his blessing on that day, but Eric, drawing her gently to his arms, said, "My sweetheart, I will be both father and husband to you."

Marjorie was comforted, and as they started to find Don and tell him the good news Eric said, "You cannot call yourself portionless now, my lady, for if I am any judge of stones that girdle is worth a king's ransom."

Marjorie turned with a winsome smile. "If that is true, Eric, and you should ever lose all your money we could manage to exist on the 'maharajah's ruby girdle.'"—Boston Post.

Crushed.

Fastboy—Really, dear, you shouldn't wait supper for me this way when I'm detained at the office. Mrs. Fastboy—Supper, you idiot! The maid just laid the table for breakfast!—Puck.

The Little Things.

"What's the matter over there?"

"The sword swallower is being choked by *a fish bone*."—Sourire.

EMIL THAMM,

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EATING TOO MUCH.

Overnutrition Is Just as Harmful as Malnutrition.

It is an acknowledged fact that almost every soul of us eats too much. The digestive organs are constantly overtrained and finally weakened. When wisely followed, the practice of fasting can be most beneficial. An expert on the food question has said that one should rise from the table with the feeling of hunger, which is an experience known to very few of us. On the contrary, the majority of people leave the board with a sense of burden which only an hour's siesta can alleviate. This is not so much owing to the fact that the food is uncommonly rich, for the rule of the simple life obtains now in the fashionable cuisine, but it is the quantity taken. There is a large community at the present moment which fasts from breakfast time till dinner at night. It is a question if it is wise to leave the stomach entirely without food during all those hours, but there is no question that the lighter the lunch taken the better will be the health of the individual. By a "light lunch" in this instance is meant what most people would not call a lunch at all—that is, to say, a few crackers with cheese (a much maligned article of diet), a few nuts and a bit of fruit or a cup of cocoa with dry toast. Such a "feast" prevents the craving for food and in no way taxes the digestive organs. Overnutrition is just as harmful as malnutrition and is far more frequently the cause of maladies. With judicious fasting the system recovers its lost tone, and mental workers would find that the brain worked with surprising lightness, for the brain is one of the chief sufferers from overeating.—New York American.

BRITISH PRINCES.

Very Different From the King in Exemption From Laws.

So privileged is the king of England in his exemption from any and every law that one would naturally expect his children might do pretty much as they like. But Englishmen have always been very jealous of royal persons, and the fact is that princes enjoy very few privileges indeed. A prince of the royal blood may be tried like any ordinary mortal, if his motor car exceeds the legal limit of speed.

The Prince of Wales cannot be sued personally for debt. If the debt is not paid the creditor may take out a summons, but he must summon the treasurer, not the prince. If the case goes against the treasurer the money is paid out of the prince's assets.

No child of the king who is under twenty-five can marry without the king's consent. Supposing, however, a prince over twenty-five desired to marry and the king refused his consent, then the prince could give notice of his intention to the privy council. After that he would have to restrain his passions for a whole year. If during that time either the house of lords or the house of commons disapproved of the marriage it could not take place. But if both houses of parliament were satisfied the prince could marry the woman of his choice.

A prince has not even the right to educate his own children, for it was long ago laid down that the king has the care and education of his grandchildren while they are minors.—London Telegraph.

The New York Idea.

"Little boy."

"Huh?"

"Do you know where Broadway is?"

"Say, wot youse take me for?"

"Well, where is it?"

"Aw, don't youse believe I know?"

"Yes, of course, but I don't know. Tell me how to get there from here."

"Aw, youse know how."

"I do not. I am a stranger. I haven't the least idea where it is."

"Quit yer kiddin'."

"Where is Broadway?"

"G'wan!"

"This way or that way?"

"Yer straight me."

"Will you tell me where Broadway is?"

"Hey, Jimmy, here's a guy wot sez he don't know where Broadway is!"—New York Times.

The Brakeman's Advice.

Down in Maine is a town called Burnham, situated on a small branch railroad that joins the main line at Burnham Junction. One day as the train approached the latter place the brakeman entered the car and in his usual stentorian tones went through his regular rigmarole when a station and junction are reached.

"Burnham Junction!" he shouted. "Burnham Junction! Change cars for Burnham! Leave no articles in the car! Burn'am, Burn'am!"—Lippincott's.

The Other Course.

Solicitor—And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the best course to adopt in the event of your friendly letter failing to produce the effect we desire. Client—Yes, I see. Mr. Jones. If I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands.—Punch.

The Magnet.

"Yes, she advertised for a husband and got 2,700 replies."

"Gracious! She must have advertised herself as very beautiful."

"No, she didn't. She just said she had $700 in the bank."—Kansas City Independent.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

Reformed.

"I hear your son is something of an aviator, Mrs. Comeup."

"Well, to tell the truth, he was a bit that way, but he's taken the pledge."—Baltimore American.

Plovers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Beecher.

TIPS IN SCOTLAND.

An Example of How Some Servants Win Their Wages.

A gentleman was invited to a shoot in Scotland at two places close together. He arrived at the first place and, immediately after his arrival at the first house received a telegram calling him back to town. He, however, determined to have one day's shooting and to proceed to town by the night mail.

At the end of the day he gave the head keeper £1 and asked him to send his gun and cartridge bag over to the other place for which he had an invitation and where he proposed proceeding in three or four days' time.

On his arrival there after his visit to town he found his gun, etc., had not arrived, whereupon he wrote to the keeper, asking him to forward it at once, and he received a reply stating that when he (the keeper) had received the other £1 to which he was "entitled" the gun would be forwarded. It was detained till payment was made.

The gentleman wrote to the keeper's master and received a reply that "he (the master) never interfered between his guests and his servants in the matter of tips." The gentleman ascertained that the master in question paid the keeper no wages, but left him to get what he could out of the guests.—London Times.

Luck In Horseshoes.

The superstition about luck in horseshoes dates back too far for record, but it was not always confined to the horseshoe. Any piece of iron found in one's path was accounted a sign of good luck, and as horseshoes were more commonly picked up than any other article of that metal, that particular object at last became the standard emblem of good fortune and the supposed defense against bad luck. In Aubrey's "Miscellanies," written 200 years ago, the author mentions having seen the horseshoe nailed up in church, and he also says that "most of the houses in the west end of London have the horseshoe on the threshold." The horseshoe to possess virtue must have been found, not purchased or looked up. Admiral Nelson had great faith in the luck of the horseshoe, and one was nailed to the mast of his ship, the Victory.—London Chronicle.

One Thing He Could Not Have.

Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."—Youth's Companion.

The Southern Art of Conversation.

The north may think it knows something of conversation, but the north, as compared with the south, may be said never to have enjoyed a conversation. About the village courthouse, within the hospitable doors of some central store, in the office of the local daily or weekly paper or, above all, in the leisurely and genial intercourse around the fireside or on the inviting porch in summer of friend with friends there will be heard a conversation which in wit, in the charm and force of its illustrations and in the directness and freedom of its criticism is not surpassed in American life today.

It is the product of leisure, of a world without haste, without ruthless preoccupations, without those resources of expression and interest which belong to the crowded and overweighted existence of the commercial city. It is, moreover, part of the tradition of the cavalier. It is part of the genius of climate and soil and social habit.—E. G. Murphy in "The Present South."

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine Chrismas FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, P

The Bean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Jan. 21, 1909.

MR. TAFT is making a great hit with the people down in Georgia. They are feeding him on 'possum and sweet taters which proves it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

SINCE President Roosevelt took a fall out of Pitchfork Tillman, the Democratic newspapers have suddenly discovered that our President is a real bad man. Now isn't that just terrible?

A BILL was passed in the Tennessee legislature last week putting that State in the prohibition column. The law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in that State will go into effect on July first, next.

J. B. RINEHART, former cashier and vice president of the Farmers and Drovers National Bank at Waynesburg, Pa., was, on Friday found guilty on all the counts of the indictment and was sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary.

HARRY K. THAW will have another chance to prove his sanity, but not by jury. Justice Tompkins of New York has granted the order, and his mother and sister have prepared to make a hard fight for his release from the insane asylum.

PROSPERITY is surely coming back, even if it is a little slow. Every day reports are given out of factories starting that have been idle for a long time. Some are only on half or three-fourths time, but there is a steady improvement of conditions which will be lasting.

BOSTON was the scene of a destructive fire early Sunday morning. The fire started in an automobile repair shop near Park Square and burned six garages, destroying 400 automobiles valued at $700,000. Six horses were burned to death and the total loss will exceed $800,000.

ON Tuesday Secretary of State, Elihu Root was formally nominated by the Republican members of the New York Legislature for United States Senator for a term of six years to succeed Thomas C. Platt. Lewis S. Chandler was given the complimentary vote of the Democrats.

MRS. CLEVELAND, widow of former President Grover Cleveland, was last week granted by the House of Representatives, the mail franking privilege which entitles her to the free use of the mails. This privilege has been granted in recent years to the widows of deceased presidents and is a very pretty tribute.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has formulated orders for the manner in which the $500,000 earthquake sufferers shall be expended. He will in this direction for 3,000 dwelling houses be sent on one of the vessels of the navy to the stricken district. This is the first instance on record of houses being provided in such an emergency.

THE jury in the case of Thornton Jenkins Hains, charged with complicity with his brother in the killing of William E. Annis, returned a verdict of "not guilty" on Friday last, after being out 32 hours. It is now thought that Capt. Peter Hains will not be tried at all, but will be taken by the State or his family and kept in seclusion for a time.

THE government of Japan has lodged with President Roosevelt a formal protest against the action of the California legislature on bills which propose to curtail the rights of Japanese in that State and President Roosevelt in turn has asked that body to confine its laws so that they will be in keeping with agreements made between the two nations.

MORE than 50 men lost their lives in a terrible explosion at the intermediate water works crib, Chicago, a mile and a half out in Lake Michigan yesterday. Forty-seven bodies have been recovered and it is known that many others are beneath the surface of the lake. All the rescued have been tabulated. More than 60 are unaccounted for. Exact identification will probably never be made of the bodies, for most of them are headless, burned and dismembered.

CHARLES N. P. EVANS, afflicted with religious insanity, was arrested on Tuesday by the capitol police. He was found in the House subway, where he was hunting President Roosevelt. He told the police he discovered that the President is Cain who killed Abel. God had instructed him, he said, to seek out Roosevelt and has promised that no harm shall come to him. No weapons were found on Evans. He is 36 years old and is a paperhanger employed in Washington.

IT was learned yesterday that an investigation of the alleged libelous publication charging a scandal in connection with the Panama Canal purchase is to be made next week by the grand jury of the District of Columbia. The entire staff of the New York World in this city has been summoned to appear Monday to testify in connection with this matter. In addition to the World staff, Jerry A. Matthews of the New York Sun and Harris M. Oriat of the Brooklyn Eagle also have been summoned.

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT'S salary will be $100,000, Speaker Cannon's $15,000, Vice President Sherman's $15,000, Chief Justice Fuller's $15,000 and his eight associate justices' $14,500 a year under the bill which passed the Senate to-day. Mr. Roosevelt now gets $50,000, Mr. Fairbanks $12,000 and Cannon $12,000 a year. For the latter two positions the increase will appear to be $3,000, but, inasmuch as allowances for carriages, horses, drivers and their maintenance are stricken from the present appropriation bill their incomes will not be greatly enhanced. The president's compensation—because that is what Senator Daily insists it should be designated instead of "salary"—is increased about $40,000. He is not to be given $25,000 for traveling expenses as the law now provides, but must pay for his special cars out of his own pocket. But according to information furnished by Senator Clay on the floor to-day, President Roosevelt spends annually only $8,000 turning the remaining $17,000 into the Treasury.

ACTING, as it is understood, with the approval if not at the instance of the administration, Senator Hopkins of Illinois has introduced a bill amendatory to the Spooner act so far only as concerns the amount which by that act the government is authorized to borrow on account of the Panama Canal. By the eighth section of that act the Secretary of the Treasury can draw on the credit of the United States from time to time as the proceeds may be required up to the sum of $135,000,000, and can issue therefor coupon or registered bonds in denominations of $20, or some multiple of that sum, redeemable in gold coin at the pleasure of the United States after the expiration of ten years from the date of ——— and bearing interest at the rate of two per cent. per annum.

It was the calculation when the Spooner bill was passed that about two hundred million dollars in addition to the payments made for the right of way and for the property of the French company would cover the cost of the undertaking, but, as so often happens in cases of the kind, this estimate has proved too optimistic. It is now thought that the completed canal will cost considerably more—no one will venture to say exactly how much—than that, and the Hopkins bill simply extends the borrowing limit from $135,000,000 to $300,000,000. This is a modification which is not open to any serious objection. If the actual limit has not yet been reached it is because large expenditures for the construction that is proceeding have been made out of the current revenues of the government. It was only the existence of a big surplus that permitted an uninterrupted continuance of operations without a larger bond issue.

This resource is no longer available. The Treasury has for some time been running behind, and even were the fact otherwise, it is just and proper that the cost of building the canal from now on should be charged to posterity. It is denied that there is any thought of changing the plans by adopting the sea level scheme or otherwise, but it is to be hoped and may be supposed that President-elect Taft will consider this question with a perfectly open mind and will do what is best in the light of the best information and advice obtainable. It is not too late to revert to the sea level plan, and in some important respects that is unquestionably the most desirable.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Proposed Deep Well.

Promoters of the proposition to drill a deep well in Tuna Valley to ascertain if there are petroleum producing levels below the Bradford sand, have received much encouragement this week from citizens generally. The project has aroused much genuine enthusiasm and the enterprise is to be a sure "go."

If necessary, the well will be drilled to a depth of 5,000 feet, according to the latest plans, it being believed that the Trenton Rock will be found at that level.

Those who subscribed to the list early this week promise to give larger donations later and there are offers of money from supply companies and large oil concerns. It is figured that $10,000 will be sufficient to make the desired test.

Some inquiries made by those responsible for the present undertaking have been made this week in trustworthy quarters, regarding the deep Miller well at State Line. That well produced oil from a stratum lower than the Bradford sand and the oil was different from the Bradford sand product. The amount found was not large but enough to show that there are lower producing strata than any that have yielded petroleum in the Bradford field. The Miller well stands full of oil most of the time and on some occasions it overflows.

The deepest producing oil well ever drilled, is located on the Robison farm, Wetzel county, W. Va. It is the property of the South Penn Oil Co. and is 3,555 feet deep. Drilling was begun on this well January 24, 1903, and was completed September 12 of the same year. An extra equipment of heavy machinery was required to handle the tools.

It is proposed to have an adequate outfit to drill the local well and it is expected that there will be ample means forthcoming to meet expenses.

The Bradford Board of Trade will lend its assistance and it is expected that a special committee will soon be appointed by that body to push the project along.—Bradford Era of Saturday.

Train Crew's Ghastly Find.

While the engine of train 1st 97, in charge of Conductor W. C. Driver, and Engineer M. Fehley, was taking coal at St. Marys at 4:20 Tuesday morning the coal shute door was raised and the body of Philip Winkelbach, who has charge of the shutes came down into the tender of the engine along with the coal. The body was taken to St. Marys and Dr. Wilson was called but while the body was still warm, life was extinct.

Mr. Winkelbach was last seen at 1:15 a. m., and it is thought that he went up on the shutes to loosen the coal, which came down with a rush, and smothered him. Mr. Winkelbach was 56 years of age and leaves a wife and five children. He was a fine man and good citizen and respected by all.—Emporium Press.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 16, 1909:

C. H. Dickinson, Ed. Donahue, Miss Rika Johnson, A. Miller. Foreign—Ovalini Aristido, Copik Charly, Seromonic, Esohrals Pall.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Will Interest Wives.

A Brooklyn wife has found a new way to make her recreant husband disgorge a portion of his earnings. He was $15 shy on his food bill and refused to come to the center. Then she got a strangle hold on his windpipe and extracted his store teeth. These she kept for ransom until the half-starved man was forced to produce the amount.

Knee Breeches.

There is still, we believe, hope for velvet and silk knee breeches, and for a host of other and minor improvements. The standard of least ridiculousness—which the Court Journal admits we set ourselves in matters of attire—will lead, not to greater somberness, but to a higher appreciation of art in relation to the clothing of the human form.—Men's Wear.

Sundial Inside a Church.

This is to be seen in Holy Trinity church, Hartford, England, fastened on the splay of a pin of the south-east window, and measures two feet nine inches by one foot six inches. Scarcely any light penetrates this stained glass window, but on sunny days the time is faithfully recorded from 2 p. m. to 7 p. m.

For health and happiness—DeWitt's Little Early Risers—small, gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills, the best made. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY, and you can tell that I am pleased. Its an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store. We believe in continuous advertising of this kind. Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort. You will feel that every article from our stock is well worth the price, and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand. We lay more stress on high quality than on low price. Our values are just. Make up an order for us and be pleased.

Oscar Engstrom.
Dealer in
Groceries and Provisions.

54 Acre Farm With Stock and Tools for $1,125

We offer for sale the Simmons farm of 54 acres, located on McRae Brook, 3 miles from Eldred, Pa., 1¼ miles from Pennsylvania railroad station at Bullis Mills, Pa. Land is smooth, 35 acres cleared, balance in pasture and timber, beech, birch and maple. Watered by two fine springs, wire fences, young orchard in bearing. Seven room house in good repair, barn 20x32, stable room for five cows and horse. This farm is on R. F. D., ½ mile from school, 3 miles from cheese factory. With the farm we offer two good heifers, will be milkers in March, one horse, one light wagon, cutter, buggy, 5 tons hay, 1 plow. Everything for $1,125. Terms one-half cash, time on balance. Splendid location for small dairy and poultry farm. Possession at once.

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.
Send for Our Latest Real Estate List.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have.—It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport. Pa.

THE LYCEUM
ONE NIGHT ONLY
TUESDAY, JAN. 26th.

America's Favorite Comedian
Otis B. Thayer
In the Brightest and Liveliest Musical Farce Comedy,
The Fascinating Widow
180 Laughs in 180 Minutes
By C. T. Dazey, Author of "In Old Kentucky."

Prices: 75, 50, 35, & 25c
Boxes, $1.00

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, and that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

LOW PRICES
——are still prevailing at——
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The balance of our Suit and Overcoat stock are going at lower prices than ever.

We Like Lookers

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Where There Are PURE DRUGS

there is hope, and while we are in business there always will be pure drugs in this town.

The standard of our goods is high. We know that health and life depend on the absolute purity of the drugs used in compounding prescriptions and therefore the utmost care is taken that they shall be perfect.

Satisfied ourselves that the qualities are right, we make prices to satisfy our customers.

We may not be the cheapest druggists but we are the best and lowest priced.

McCoy's Drug Store

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

WAVERLY OIL
The ideal Oil for either air-cooled or water-cooled Machines. Distilled from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—light in color, which means absolute freedom from carbon.
WAVERLY SPECIAL is a thin oil, feeds freely through any style lubricator, and will not congeal in the coldest weather.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining **Waverly Special** from your dealer or garage, communicate with us at once and we will see that you are supplied. "Perfect lubrication without carbon deposit."
Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pa.

SPECIAL AUTO

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$293,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN, ORLO J. HAMLIN, RALPH E. BURDICK, FRED B GALLUP, JOHN FORREST, JAMES A. McKEAN, C. D. COMES, CHARLES McKEAN, H. H. REDFIELD

Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all taxpayers of the Township of Sergeant, McKean County, Pa., that in pursuance of an Order of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the County of McKean, made Jan'y 12th, 1909, at No. 2, February Sessions, 1909, authorizing the same, an election will be held in said Township of Sergeant at the February Municipal Election, on the 10th day of Feby., 1909, for and against abolishing the system of working out the road tax, or a portion thereof, assessed on the properties in said Township, so that the same shall thereafter be paid in cash, as provided by Act of Assembly approved April 12th, 1905, P. L. 142.

J. L. SMITH,
L. T. LARSON,
J. L. ANDERSON,
Supervisors.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

RUBBER GOODS
deteriorate with age.

Our stock is all new, and we have everything you need in the care of the sick.

Ice Bags, Hot Water Bottles, Syringes, Etc. Prices right.

——at——
Armstrong's Drug Store
Opposite Grangs Bank.

BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

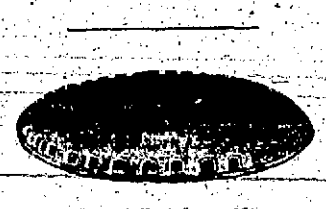
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 400

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

See our
MID-WINTER
CLEARANCE SALE
ANNOUNCEMENT
on last page.

DALY & GARLICK



The Jewel Sad Iron Heater.

A very desirable article for use in gas ranges for heating sad irons or to protect utensils from direct contact with gas flames.

The Detroit Jewel Griddle will give you perfect satisfaction. We also have Waffle Irons for either gas of wood stoves.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 21, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Civil court is in session this week.

—The ice harvest on the pond, has been commenced.

—The Galeton Democrat has changed its name to the Galeton News.

—Mrs. N. H. Knapp is suffering from a severe attack of neuritis in her right arm.

—A great many of our people took advantage of the excellent sleighing last Sunday.

—It was necessary to run the snow plow over this section of the P., S. & N. Sunday last.

—Bankruptcy proceedings have been begun by the creditors of the defunct Eldred bank.

—Mrs. Eliza Sherer is confined to her home on East street with a severe attack of quinsy.

—The ice house at the creamery is being filled with some very fine ice taken from the reservoir.

—The fires were put out in the hand-blowing plant of the Kane Window Glass Co. last Friday night.

—Mrs. E. A. Studholm entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on Main steet, Tuesday afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Fitch of East Smethport are the parents of a baby girl which arrived at their home Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1909.

—The Prayer Servide and Bible Study at the M. E. church next week will have for the topic "The Healing of the Nobleman's Son. The lesson is found in John 4:45-54.

—Last Friday, Jan. 15, 1909, at his office over the Grange bank, Justice A. W. Colegrove united in marriage Mr. Elbert H. Foote and Miss Cora A. Kennicott, both of Buffalo.

—The Epworth League will hold an old fashioned social on Friday evening Jan. 22, at 8 p. m., consisting of old fashioned games, refreshments and also a musical program. Admission 15 cents.

—At a meeting consisting of the ministers of Bradford and members of John S. Melvin Post, No. 141, G. A. R., arrangements were made for the observance of Lincoln's one hundredth birthday, Friday, February 12th.

—The Italians who were arrested in Coudersport in December for passing counterfeit money were tried in Williamsport last week and found guilty. The men will serve a term in State's prison while the woman will be released on account of her small children.

—Gordon Studholme has purchased his brother's interest in the drug store and from now on the entire business is his. The partnership existing between the brother's has been mutually dissolved.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The Lord's Supper will be observed at the M. E. church on Sunday morning next and the pastor will preach a sermon appropriate for the occasion. In the evening the pastor will preach on "The place of Man in the World."

—Attorney Ernest Koester of Orange, N. J., formerly of, Bradford, has been stricken with paralysis, according to information received by friends here. He was under medical treatment at Atlantic City, it is said, when stricken.—Era.

—Twenty two young people of this place, chaperoned by W. A. Anderfer, enjoyed a sleigh ride to Hazelhurst Tuesday evening. An elegant lunch was had at the home of Miss Lena Gosborn, after which they returned home, having passed a most eljoyable evening.

—W. V. Provin of Olean, formerly of this place, has had a new bread making machine placed in his bakery on State street. Mr. Provin is certainly doing everything in his power to conduct the bakery under strictly sanitary conditions, which is highly appreciated by his patrons.

—In our last issue we published an article calling attention to the winter primaries and through an oversight made it appear that the primaries would be held on Saturday, Jan. 16. This gave some of our readers a wrong impression. The date of the primaries is Saturday, Jan. 23.

—Otis B. Thayer, whose tour through New England last season in "Sweet Clover" made a phenominal hit, will be seen at the Lyceum in a new farce comedy entitled "The Fascinating Widow," written by C. T. Dazey, author of "In Old Kentucky," on Tuesday evening, Jan. 26.

—It is reliably reported that the Temple theatre at St. Marys is soon to be transformed into a modern apartment house. Excepting the Bradford theatre this is one of the finest play houses in this section of the state and it would be very unfortunate to the people of St. Marys to lose this theatre.

—The Howell-Keith Stock Co. finished their week-stand here last Saturday night, and they certainly pleased the people who were fortunate enough to attend. Thursday night they presented "The Cowboy's Girl," Friday night "The Daughter of the Regiment" and Saturday night "The Coast of New England." A matinee was also given Saturday afternoon. This company is composed of a bunch of clever people and it is the hope of all that they play a return date in the near future, as they say they intend doing. If they should play a return date it is needless to say that they will have good attendances.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Subjects for 3d Sunday after Epiphany, "The Healing Touch," and "Light in Darkness," illustrated in Dore's last picture, "The Vale of Tears." Service at All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m.

—A sleigh load of young people, chaperoned by Miss Elsie Dolley and Miss Idalia Pomeroy, drove over from Port Allegany last Friday evening and took supper at the Wright House. Some of the party attended the play at the Lyceum and at midnight the jolly crowd started for their homes over the mountain.

—Sunday evening the Epworth League will begin a series of studies in the Old Testament which will be continued for time. This will be a carefully prepared study. The work will be in charge of Miss Carrie Day for the first month. The first meeting will be devoted to a study of the opening chapter of the book of Genesis.

—If you fail to go and see Otis Thayer in his latest musical success called "The Fascinating Widow," when it reaches the Smethport Lyceum on Tuesday, Jan. 26, then it will be your own fault that you lose one of the best evenings that the theatrical season offers. It's funny and clever, with a lot of clever musical numbers here and there.

—Regular preaching services at the Baptist church Sunday, Jan. 24, at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Subject for Sunday morning "Grieving the Spirit," evening, "Regeneration." Baptism will be administered in the evening. You are most cordially invited to be present.

—About 1:30 p. m., Monday, a block in the tank of the Consolidated Window Glass plant at this place gave way, allowing quite a stream of the molten glass to flow out on the brick floor. Fortunately the plant is well equipped with hose and by prompt measures on the part of the employes and the members of the Mt. Jewett Hose Co., further disaster was averted.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—The fourth annual exhibition of the McKean County Poultry association opened in the Exchange Lyceum, Bradford, on Monday, and will continue all the week. Over 700 birds have been entered. Thus far Smethport fairies have won as follows: White Plymouth Rocks—Julius Hornlein, 1st cock; 3d cockerel, 1st hen; 1st and 2d pullet. Barred Plymouth Rocks—Carl Sease, 1st, 2d and 4th pullet.

—Monday afternoon two men entered a restaurant in Port Allegany and after eating their fill calmly notified the proprietor that they were "broke" and advised him to call an officer and have them arrested. The proprietor acted on their suggestion and they were arrested and taken before Justice Miles Allen for a hearing. Tuesday afternoon they were brought here and placed in the county bastile to await trial.

—Miss Ellan A. Beebe, aged 18 years, was found dead at her home in Kane last Friday morning. When her husband went to work that morning she was in her usual health, although she remained in bed. At 9 o'clock her dead body was found lying on the floor of her bedroom, clad only in her night clothing. Coroner Sherman of Bradford made an investigation and found that death was due to natural causes.

—The residents of Gillmor and those living in the vicinity of Bells Camp were given a mad dog scare on Sunday and Monday. On Sunday a bull dog, the pet of Jacob Wright, who lives near Bells Camp went mad. It turned on and bit its master; and later bit Mr. Wright's small son. The dog then started on a run for Gillmor, where it bit several dogs. The dog later returned home. Mr. Wright shot the brute yesterday.—Bradford Star.

—Seven foreigners, all men, were cremated in a fire that burned to the ground three double houses at Goodtown, two and one-half miles from Berlin, Somerset county, Monday. Two other men who were asleep in the same house where the seven lost their lives, awoke in time to jump from a second story window after the hair had been burned from their heads and their bodies had been scorched. These two are in a serious condition from the injuries they sustained in jumping and it is thought the back of one of them is broken.

—Ruth Edna Voorhies of Olean is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush of Bank street. Since she was here last July she has been with Sterling's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company as "Eva," and being a special feature with her singing, dancing and contortion act. Though but 13 years of age the child is very well known throughout the profession for her graceful dancing and is the only child contortionist on the Interstate Vaudeville Circuit. Miss Ruth will remain home until May 15, then will rejoin the same company in Bennington, Vt.

—County Commissioner Charles D. Austin is now a benedict and judging from his appearance one of the happiest of men. Quietly, after all but himself and Prothonotary Wandall had left the court house Wednesday evening, he secured a marriage license for himself and Anna A. Palmatier, formerly Mrs. Berry. At eight o'clock, after about thirty friends of the bride had assembled, Justice Orcott said the words that made Mr. and Mrs. Austin one. It was a surprise to the friends of the commissioner, but Thursday after it was a secret no longer they got their heads together and in the evening called at the home, corner of Main and Sixth streets, for the purpose of making the groom know he was not forgotten. He was given a comfortable chair, Representative Sweetland making the presentation speech.—Coudersport Enterprise.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. Ernest Brooke was a Buffalo visitor Thursday.

J. Clayton Backus had business in Bradford Monday.

J. C. Brennaman was a business visitor in Kane yesterday.

Miss Katheryn McGregor has returned to her home in Kane.

Mrs. Jacob Hafner is visiting friends and relatives in town.

John E. Mullin of Kane is in town this week on business.

John A. Peterson passed Sunday with his family in Bradford.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gallup were visitors in Bradford Tuesday.

Mrs. F. J. Urbin of Bradford is the guest of Mrs. C. B. Corwin.

W. Z. Georgia of Olean was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Miss Dowly Davis has been visiting her sister, Mrs. T. H. Morrison.

T. F. Hungiville was a business visitor in Coudersport last Thursday.

Charles Bates of Emporium was greeting old friends in town yesterday.

William H. Morrison had business at Bradford Friday and Saturday last.

Lynn Aikens of Jamestown, N. Y., is the guest of his cousin, Mrs. W. H. Gallup.

Miss Stella Hinman returned last week from a visit to Erie and Centerville, Pa.

Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter, Mrs. E. A. Studholm were Bradford visitors Saturday.

Miss Bessie Heinemann of Colegrove passed Sunday with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Gallup.

A. M. Marsh was calling on relatives and friends in Bradford township the first of the week.

F. L. Isherwood returned Monday from Bradford where he had been for the past few days.

Miss Blanche Chilcott was the guest of Mrs. Emil Jahn at Eldred from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Burdick left yesterday for a short visit with friends and relatives in Buffalo.

F. E. Barton of Grimsby was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday while in town on business.

Mrs. W. J. Voorhies and daughter, Ruth, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Bush of Bank street.

Mrs. William Broder of Columbus, O. was the guest of the home of A. B. Walker, yesterday.

Mrs. Wm. Hamman returned from Philadelphia Tuesday where she had been for a short visit.

Foster Studholm of Olean was calling on his numerous friends in this place the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Anna Stoeberauch returned Saturday from Olean where she had been visiting for a few days.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp, this week.

Mrs. John Brooke departed for Buffalo to-day where she will receive treatment at the General Hospital.

Miss Mildred G. Dunbar, postmistress at Newerf, Pa., was the guest of friends in this place the first of the week.

Miss Cora Abbey returned home Friday from St. Marys where she had been the guest of friends for some time.

Mrs. Thomas Whitton was the guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence last week, Mrs. Whitton left for her home in Olean Monday.

Always have Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup handy, especially for the children. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It cures the cold by gently moving the bowels through its laxative principle, and at the same time it is soothing for throat irritation, thereby stopping the cough. There is nothing as good. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

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Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

The Manner of Man.

By HARRISON SMITH.

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The young man who had been sitting in a corner of the smoking compartment consulting impatiently the time table and lighting cigarette after cigarette arose hurriedly as the train, a half hour late, pulled into the station.

He grasped his suit case, swung himself down from the platform before the train had come to a stop and hurried through the waiting room at a pace approximating a shambling run. Into a waiting taxicab he tumbled, turned up the collar of his overcoat, for the evening was decidedly chilly, and gave an address brusquely to the chauffeur.

"And, look here, my son," he added, "get a hustle on. How long will it take to get me there? A half hour, eh? Well, there's a quarter in it for you for every minute you take off that half hour, see? Now let her out. Never mind the speed regulations. Take a chance!"

The taxicab hurried away, and the young man lighted another cigarette, smoking furiously and pausing only to urge the chauffeur to even better speed.

They swung into the avenue, dodged in and out amid the stream of traffic, turned into a side street, shot round a corner and stopped finally before a shabby looking brownstone house which was identical with every other brownstone house as far as the eye could see.

The young man sprang from the cab, thrust a bill into the chauffeur's palm and, mounting the steps, gave the bell a vigorous tug. Presently the door was opened by a middle aged and rather frowsy woman, who surveyed him suspiciously.

"Is Miss Evans in?" the young man demanded.

The woman's face became more forbidding. "No, she's not," said she.

"Do you know when she will be?"

"I'm sure I couldn't say."

"Very well, I'll wait for her." And the young man calmly pushed his way into the dingy little hall, lighted dimly with its single gas jet turned low.

"In here, if you please," the woman suggested, opening the door of a ldg, bare front room. The young man hesitated.

"Where is Miss Evans' room?" he demanded.

"Third flight, back."

"I'll go up there and wait for her," said he. And before the other could remonstrate he was halfway up the first flight.

"Three flights, back," was a dingy little side room, a veritable hole in the wall. There was but one window, which commanded an unimposing view of the littered back yards on either side of a none too clean alley.

The young man lighted the one gas jet on the wall and looked about him. Close to the window was a table—a work table evidently—covered with boxes of water colors, pencil sketches and partly finished designs on bits of academy board.

Vaguely he recognized the original drawings for fashion plates. He looked them over silently, almost reverently.

His inspection of the table finished, he let his eyes wander about the narrow room. It was decidedly cheerless, with its couch and a patent rocker of red plush. He sat down in the red plush rocker, which squeaked complainingly beneath his weight.

"Humph!" he mused. "She's plucky, all right. Imagine spending your days in a hole like this!"

There were light steps outside. The door was pushed open, and a girl stood staring at him from the doorway, as if she could not credit her eyes.

She was a pretty girl, with dark eyes and cheeks at that moment decidedly rosy. She carried several parcels, two of which fell unnoticed to the floor as she gazed at the apparition in the red plush chair.

"Philip Holt!" she gasped at length. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"MARGARET!" HE CRIED, HIS EYES GLOWING.

The young man sprang up with a bound. "Margaret!" he cried, his eyes glowing. "Margaret!" He caught both her hands in his own, while the rest of the parcels slipped from her arms.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded again, which she had recovered somewhat from her surprise.

"I? What am I doing?" said he. "Why—why"—

"You have broken the truce," she said severely. "The year is not up yet. Why are you here?"

He drew her into the room and gathered up the fallen parcels, while she sat down on the couch.

"I came," said he, "because—because—well, I thought you'd be glad to see me; because I imagined—had an intuition, you know, that you were living in some such sort of dingy house as this on just such a shabby street; because I had another premonition that you weren't succeeding tremendously and that you might even be living on these," he ended calmly, fishing a doughnut from one of the paper bags he had picked up and holding it out accusingly.

The girl's eyes flashed. Her lips curled. The color in her cheeks deepened.

"You had no right," she said quietly. "You are spying. You have broken the truce. You said a year, or, rather, you agreed that for a year"—

"I was a fool," said he, with conviction, "an insufferable fool, ever to be a party to such a silly agreement. I didn't realize that when you went away the place would be so barren, so utterly impossible. But I kept my mouth shut and plugged along. Then we had a streak of luck, Tom and I. We sold the Sunk Hill lode to a couple of capitalists and got close on to $75,000 apiece out of it. That settled it. Year or no year, I had to come. So I came," he finished ingenuously.

"And your promise counted for nothing," said she. "In another month the year would have been up, and then"—

"Then what?"

"You could have come without violating any promise."

The young man sat down in the red plush rocker again. In his agitation he began to swing to and fro, while the rusty springs sent out a veritable babel of discordant sounds.

"I am very glad I have violated the promise, as you choose to call it," he declared. "I expected something like this"—he waved his arms toward the four walls of the room—"when I came here tonight, but frankly nothing quite so bad."

"Margaret, how do you ever stand it—you who have had those hills out there to roam over all your life and the four winds of heaven for your playmates? What sort of cooped up life is this anyway? What are you getting out of it?"

"Well, experience, for one thing," said she.

"You'll not get much more of it," he remarked.

"Won't—?" she asked archly.

"You will not. You've had experience enough of that sort," he maintained, "you and your idle room and your sketches and your impossible landlady and—and your doughnuts," he ended, with ridiculous emphasis. "You know well enough why I have come here. I telegraphed Jimmy Dean to have his mother on hand at 8 tonight sharp. I telegraphed the day I left Seavern's Buttes. I also wired him to have the clergyman picked out and to"—

"Phil," she cried, her face burning, "hush! I shan't listen to you!"

"Come without listening, then," said he. "One thing is certain—I'm not going to move one step until you promise me to marry me—not in a year nor in six months, but tonight. In the Deans' front parlor, with Jimmy and his mother for witnesses."

Suddenly the girl covered her face with her hands and began to sob. Holt looked at her helplessly, his face a study of contrition.

"There, there, Margaret," he said at length, "I didn't mean to be a brute about it. I—I"—

The girl's face was lifted. She smiled through her tears.

"You're stupid, blundering man," said she, "it's because—well, because I'm not sorry you broke the truce and came. Now run along and get a cab to take us to Jimmy Dean's. I'll be ready at half past 7."

Cruel Contests.

Bird singing contests for money and other prizes used to be frequent in England. Many of the little competitors, notably chaffinches, were subjected to dire cruelty on these occasions. To make them sing their eyes were pierced by a redhot needle for the purpose of completely blinding them. This was done to prevent any opposing exhibitor from frightening the birds and stopping their singing, an end which was obtained by waving some object in front of them. Blinded, the birds could see nothing, and they sang. The cruel practice has been practically stamped out by the action of the Royal Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which issued numerous summonses against offenders. It may be that in some dark corner of the country the same cruelty is still practiced, but the custom as a system is now done away with.—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite Plebeian.

"Now that there is fashion even in diseases, I wonder why mumps are not more in style?"

"Mumps! Good gracious! Why should they be fashionable?"

"Because they're such a swell thing to have."—Baltimore American.

Discontent is the want of self reliance. It is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Almond Delight Pie.

Make a rich pastry and fill with the following mixture: Blanch and chop fine one cupful of almonds. Put one cupful of granulated sugar moistened with one teaspoonful of water into a frying pan. Place over a slow fire until melted, then add the chopped almonds, stirring briskly until the mixture turns a golden brown. Turn this out on the crust in the pan and spread quickly before it cools. Beat three eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and one and one-half cupfuls of milk, pour over the almonds and bake in a hot oven at first. Cover with a meringue of the white of egg and two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Moth Patches and Freckles.

Colorless iodine is a good freckle destroyer. Anoint the freckles with the iodine by means of a small camel's hair brush or a swab made by twisting a piece of absorbent cotton around a toothpick. Apply to each freckle night and morning until the skin is red, but not too irritated. The pigment of the freckle is deposited in the upper layer of the skin, and this must be destroyed in order to get rid of the freckle. Lemon juice applied to the skin is one of the best means of keeping the skin clear and white and preventing the deposit of coloring matter which makes the blemishes of moth patches and freckles.

Lemon Shampoo.

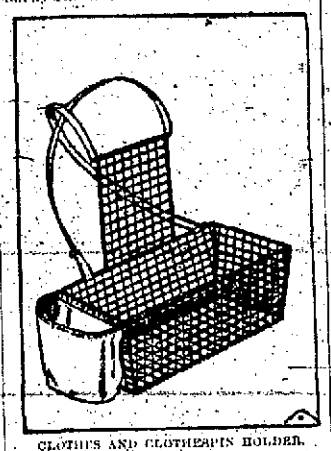
Pour the juice of three lemons upon two ounces of salts of tartar, add about two quarts of warm water and use as an ordinary shampoo. This will make the hair soft and fluffy and is an excellent cleanser. If one has sufficient time at her disposal it is a good idea to boil the juice, boiling the skins with it. This makes a stronger solution of the lemon. A few drops of perfume or attar of roses added will leave a faint scent upon the hair. The mixtures of salts of tartar should never be allowed to stand, it should be mixed fresh for every shampoo.

Washing Thin Glasses.

One often will find that thin glasses are difficult to wash and leave clear and unclouded. Wash them in hot water and pure white soap and rinse them immediately in water of the same temperature and set them aside to drain. Do not wipe them until they are nearly dry and then polish with a clean towel. Cloth tissue paper is excellent for polishing glasses. They are more apt to break if you dry them while they are wet, and they are also more inclined to be cloudy.

A Washday Convenience.

An excellent device that would be of great assistance to the housewife is the combined clothes and clothes-pin receptacle herewith shown. Ordinarily the wet clothes are carried from



CLOTHES AND CLOTHESPIN HOLDER.

the washtub to the yard in an ordinary wicker basket. The dripping water collects in the bottom of the basket, soon rotting and destroying it. The basket shown here is made of galvanized wire to prevent rusting. The mesh being wide, the water from the wet clothes readily drains off. At one end is a receptacle for the reception of clothespins, while suitable straps are secured to the back by which it can be supported at some convenient point. These straps are also used to carry the receptacle.

Scorched Milk.

When milk has burned pour it at once into a pitcher and stand it in a basin of cold water until it is cool, when it will be found to be quite free from the burned smell and taste; also when anything has burned in the double boiler, instead of replenishing the steamer part with hot water, use cold for the same effect.

Oatmeal Lotion For the Skin.

An excellent oatmeal lotion for the skin is made as follows: Boil two tablespoonfuls of fine oatmeal and then strain. When cold add one dessertspoonful of wine and the juice of one lemon. Fluff over the face before going to bed, not wiping it all away. This lotion is especially good for sallow complexions.

Grease Spots on Wall Paper.

To remove grease spots from wall paper sprinkle baking soda over blotting paper; place over the spot and press a moderately warm iron against it for a few minutes. The blotting paper will absorb the grease and the paper on the wall be free from spots.

About Brittle Icing.

A teaspoonful of vinegar beaten into boiled frosting when the flavoring is being added will keep it from being brittle and breaking when the cake is cut. It will be as moist and nice in a week as the day it was made.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

A-hunting With Roosevelt.

Edmund Heller of Riverside, Cal., who has been engaged by President Roosevelt to accompany his hunting party to Africa, is at present a professor in the California State museum. Although only twenty-seven years old, Professor Heller has been through Africa, Australia and South America. He is an expert on big game and stands high as a biologist and natural historian. Speaking of his duties on the trip, Professor Heller said:

"My chief work will be supplying advice at the start and taking care of the large game. Later, on our return, I may classify part of the collection, which will be deposited in the National museum at Washington.

"The party will leave New York in March and go direct to Naples and thence to Mombasa. Most of our time will be spent in British and German East Africa, in the central elevated

EDMUND HELLER.

portion, with which I am already familiar. The trip will last one year."

The party will consist of the president and his son Kermit, Dr. Means, a United States army doctor and well known naturalist; J. A. Loring, a field naturalist, and Professor Heller. The president and his son will do all the shooting of big game, and Loring will collect small animals. Dr. Means will be the chief naturalist and Professor Heller will be his colleague.

Immortal Bill.

A. Philadelphian on his return from Berlin talked at the Philadelphia club about Kaiser Wilhelm.

"You know the kaiser's ballet of Barbarossa?" he said. "Well, this ballet made a success, and in its honor the kaiser gave a dinner.

"Berlin is laughing over an incident of the dinner. It seems that one of the speakers said in the course of his speech:

"'This ballet teaches us a powerful lesson. It shows us that we cannot escape our fate. As the immortal William once said, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."' And so"—

"The kaiser applauded thunderously.

"'That is clever, very clever,' he cried. 'But when did I say it? I've quite forgotten.'"

Successor to Mr. Loeb.

Fred. Warner Carpenter, who will succeed Mr. Loeb as private secretary to the president on March 4, is eminently qualified for the job by training and experience. A native of California, he was admitted to the bar in Minneapolis. Having also learned shorthand, he went back to San Francisco and became a stenographer in a law office.

Just at this time Judge Taft was in the Philippines as the first civil governor of the islands. Being in need of

FRED W. CARPENTER.

a high grade American stenographer, he cabled to San Francisco, and young Carpenter thought the offer good enough to make the trip to the Philippines.

Since that time he has been around the world with his distinguished chief. When Judge Taft resigned as secretary of war Carpenter also left the government service and joined his forces with the Republican candidate for the presidency. Mr. Carpenter is the opposite of his chief in physical makeup, being slender and lacking in stately physique.

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Lieutenant Governor—John S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John G. Sheets.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.
President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Associate Judges—C. E. Barclay, Blaine township; —.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. Coleman, Smethport; R. P. Ridgwood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Doyle, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioner—Wm. Marsh, Bradford.
W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engelson, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.
Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. O. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, L. W. Wickwire, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Boutin, H. H. Sisco.
Justice—R. C. Thomson.
Constable—O. R. Fuller.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; W. D. Gallup, secy.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Sedillot, John Clark.
Collector—R. G. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, G. B. Curwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Robin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 380, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degrees first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WARD BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
DELIA LAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EHRENFRIED, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
ED. IKINS, C.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"BY MY FAITH! HE HAS COME! IT IS HE."

Tiberius Smith

The Brain Tangle at Tanker's Mills.

By HUGH PENDEXTER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Traveling leisurely from the far west to New York Tib and I had left the autocratic porter and his vestibuled home at Beanville—I won't name the state—in an idle quest for tourmalines and amethysts often found in that locality. A horse dealer had told us of the place, and Tib immediately took a fancy to loiter about a few days. It was while at Beanville that we heard of Tanker's Mills, 12 miles back in the mountains. It was connected with the outside world largely by heart-throbs, for the rough country road evidently was constructed while the workmen were entertaining the delirium tremens.

"It seems that at the close of the civil war the only insane asylum in the state burned down, and that a score of the inmates in escaping the flames wandered up to Tanker's and took possession of a few deserted cabins. As the commonwealth was bedridden with debt, and as the little colony was quiet and gave no trouble the authorities decided to leave it alone to market its own garden sass. In the settlement were several men of unusual culture, perfectly rational except on some one subject, and as they controlled the weaker-minded and more perfectly crazy inhabitants, the taxpayers were glad to be rid of the whole outfit. As the years passed, the colony grew, and the individual streaks of non compos were relegated to and merged in a general plane of oddity. It became the custom when a man or woman got daffy to take them up there to board. The ruined shacks had given place to neat frame houses, and the queer people took the best of care of any sufferers from the outside world and often sent them back cured. Funny graft, eh? Tib said it was a case of similia similibus curantur. And, mind you, those people weren't rank crazy. They averaged enough rationality to prosper and to care for an occasionally violent voter. But they were peculiar, eccentric, and of course every little while some one would get to telephoning to himself and cutting up didoes.

"Well, when Tib heard of the settlement the scenario appealed to him, and naught would do but we hire bicycles and wheel up for a visit.

"'We are all batty on some one subject,' he declared to me. 'I'm sane until it comes to shows. Another is evenly balanced until it comes to north poles, and so it goes. I'll bet these simple folk are more rational than the average alderman.'

"To cut across lots, we came to Tanker's at nightfall, and saw from the brow of a hill a scattering settlement of white houses. As we entered the main street we observed a grocery store, a blacksmith shop and a small hall. And what surprised us was the busy-bee activity of a crowd of men bunched in front of the village smithy's place of business.

"'What's doing, fair and merry sirs?' accosted Tib, cheerily, in his old free-and-easy way, as we pedaled up to the gang.

"Instantly they turned, and an old man with a Chris Kringle beard started back as though faced by a hooded cobra, and with one dramatic, lean finger pointed at us, cried, 'By my faith! he has come! It is he!'

"'Odd bodkins, put him to death!' cheerfully advised an urchin, who impressed my startled gaze as being 18 feet in height.

"'Odd Hooligans!' cried Tib. 'And why?'

"Well, sir, the old man threw back his head and pealed out a laugh that sounded about as mellow as a rusty butz-saw eating a rock-maple knot, and as he chortled in unseemly glee he ejaculated, 'Walked into the trap! Stap my vitals, and had he called on me at St. James, or Whitehall, I had not been more surprised.'

"From his tone I realized, sir, that we were about as popular with them as a safety deposit vault full of scarlet fever germs. Tib was impressed after the same fashion, for he whispered to me:

"'What's up, Billy? Have we struck them at the harvest time of lunacy? Their speech savors of ye olden time and good Queen Bess, sith it please ye.' Then he cashed aloud, 'Kindly identify us, reverend sir, and then yourselves.'

"'Monmouth, thou wert ever a falsehearted knave, but pithoy, didst think to dull my royal eyes by that disguise?' demanded the ringleader of the mental aberrations in his shrill voice.

"'Nay, sire,' denied Tib, looking back only to behold all escape cut off. 'And you are—?'

"'Your uncle, sirrah, King James!' was the stern response.

"'Strike me purple, Billy!' whispered Tib, 'but we are invaders, and if I recall my history rightly, Mr. Monmouth lost his head.'

"'No plotting with your emissary,' cried James. 'We know him, and I' faith, but Argyle, though he be an earl, shall kiss the same block. Nay, ye both have lost such royal prerogative and shall grace a common gibbet.'

"'I say, old chap, this is getting tiresome,' I murmured to Tib. 'Tell 'em I'm plain Billy Campbell and a stanch supporter of the throne.'

"'A Campbell!' shrieked King James. 'Ay, smite me bleeding, but I know the foul Scottish brood! But Argyle or Campbell, ye shall hang and change from the quick to the dead more readily than ever ye shifted aliases.'

"'Probably some one has opened a quart bottle of pleasuroid,' murmured Tib, 'and they are unduly excited for the minute. Anyway, if they are going to behave like this, I don't care how soon we desert them. I feel like an historical romance.'

"But, sir, the minute we tried to turn we were surrounded. And what do you suppose those oddities were armed with? Pikes, sir, pikes! And that was what the smithy was busy turning out. As a rule, Tib's air of confidence would incite a cowardly pug dog to throw rocks at an elephant, but he was a bit puzzled over this situation. We'd met lots of heathens and irresponsible persons in our day, but once you realized their status you could dope out their susceptibilities and comprehend the logical trend of their intentions. But a score of incompetents might glide from one personality to another at any second and pluck us from one epoch only to plant us in another, and in every event would probably insist that we hold the most onery cards and be soundly spanked.

"'It's no use, Earl of Argyle, to dodge our identity,' remarked Tib to me, gravely. Then to the king, 'Yes, I am Monmouth, your dutiful nephew, come all the way from Brabant to kiss your august hands.'

"The crowd of peasants jeered at this admission, and one stalwart rogue seemed determined to explore our physical systems with his long prodder. 'Nay, nay,' prohibited the king. 'Their seeming frankness shall avail them naught, but retribution must overtake them in an orderly manner. My Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys shall try them. In the meantime lay them in the tower with the spy who was captured three days ago.'

"We were enamored with even this respite, for Tib declared it was an ill omen to be slaughtered in front of a prossic blacksmith's shop, and, surrounded by the "pikemen, we were dragged to the little town hall and thrust inside. 'Hello, spy, where are you?' demanded Tib, sparring neatly to ward off any possible attack, as he endeavored to peer through the darkness.

"'I say, fellers, I'll admit you're all kings, but for heaven's sake concede I'm only a drummer from Buffalo!' begged a weak voice, and a tall, thin man, very much frightened, humbly approached us, hat in hand, and stood where the light filtered through the window and made his angular form look willowy.

"'Odds fish, but ye are petitioning the wrong court. I am only the unhappy Monmouth,' groaned Tib.

"'Crazy as an owl!' whimpered the drummer. 'Say, king, help me to get out of this and I'll send you down the best spring-tooth harrow made.'

"Well, sir, Tib was so intent in trying to recall his Monmouth lines that I had to take the drummer aside and convince him of our good intentions and sanity. But, Lord, sirl he was suspicious. He'd been cooped up for three days and was beginning to hear bees in his own belfry. But after I'd told him who was president and had named the capitals of 30 states, he agreed we might be what we didn't seem. 'For,' he concluded, confidentially, 'if ever I saw a trifling light glint in a man's eye it is your partner's there.'

"'Alack a day,' muttered Tib, 'plots and more plots! Now, see here, children, we've got to play our parts until the general intellect of this town clears up a bit. This head fanatic is some college professor, I guess, and he's hypnotized himself into believing, for the moment that he's James of England. Now we must humor him or he'll never recover. So, try and inhale the same kind of dope, and at the first opening we'll leave bloody England for the quiet shores of Beanville. Hi, you halberdier!' he cried through the open window to one of the guards—'want to earn 50 cents?'

"The man jabbed at us playfully with his spear and mumbled something about the king.

"'See?' cried Tib, 'the old one has led these poor incompetents into believing he's king and they are his subjects.' Then to the guard again, taking care to keep out of range: 'What's your name, fellow? Not your stage name, but your real name?'

"The guard looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied, slowly: 'Why, I was always called Al Stubbins, but since the king come—im t'colonel Kirke. That's me, Kirke.'

"'When did the king come?' soothed Tib.

"'Why, let's see. Yes, it was just before the blackness settled down,' and the guard grinned triumphantly at remembering thus much. 'Me and Jed Bufkins, him that's my f Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys now, had just got back from selling some garden truck in Beanville. But I forgit. There ain't any Beanville now. It's Hrabant, and this is England. Hooray for King James! Stand back from that winder, ye poisonous critter!' and we all three leaped aside just in time to escape being decorated with the pike. 'And if ye git sassy I'll climb in there and larrup ye,' warned the yeoman, in conclusion.

"'Gramercy for thy courtesy,' growled Tib, rubbing his barked knuckles. 'If ever I catch ye chasin' the stag at Epping we'll have this out to a finish, my lad.'

"'Say, boss,' sobbed the drummer, 'don't talk like that when we're alone. It unhinges me. I feel myself going.'

"'A murrain take thee. Go to, thou knave!' I sneered.

"'Beautiful Billy, beautiful!' congratulated Tib. 'Let's wear the purple while we can and play our parts to the finish. This poor varlet has submitted to captivity for three days and will wind up by waiting on a foolish counter for life. Now, sirrah, hark ye. We leave this place to-night. If ye ever want to see Brabant again, silence!'

"'How are we to work it, Tib?' I inquired; for the quaintness of our peril was getting into my bones.

"'I'm Monmouth until we get back to Bean-Brabant,' reminded Tib, simply. 'Well, earl, I shall try to start a revolution.'

"As he said this a hearty hammering caused us to creep to the window on the other side of the building and steal a peep. And what do you think, sir? Why, those poor, hard-hearted idiots were building a gibbet! It simply swept the drummer off his feet. 'Oh, Monmouth,' he wailed, 'save this one fool! What an idiot I was, with all the United States to live in, that I had to come down he[illegible] be slaughtered by a counterfeit!'

"'Well, well,' mu[illegible] Tib, pursing up his lips and [illegible]g up his rotund form. 'This [illegible]ok kind of serious. We must [illegible]rd to Beanville, yet the guards won't allow one of us to slip through the window and there's no one to carry a message. Odd situation, isn't it?'

"'I say, you fellers—I mean, Monmouth,' called out the guard, poking his head into the window—'King James has just broken up his council and they decided the spy can live, as he warned us of your coming.'

"'Hooray!' shouted the drummer, with a vulgar display of enthusiasm.

"'Shut up!' growled Tib. 'So you foretold our coming, eh?'

"'Sure, had to, to save my hide,' grinned the drummer, happily. 'Of course it was only con on my part, but luckily it worked out all hunkey. All's well that ends well, you know.'

"'You needn't be so devilish gay over it,' snapped Tib, 'or you'll find it's sad work to double-cross even the pretender.'

"'Oh, come now,' whined the drummer, 'you fellers wouldn't spike a poor man's game! Don't you see, just as soon as I get to Beanville I'll catch a constable and come back and rescue you both.'

"'No ye won't,' chuckled the guard, whom we'd forgotten. 'Cause King James says ye can't go till after they've been executed, whatever that means—for dragged if I do. And before ye go, we're going to brand the word "traitor" on your brow.'

"Well, that doubled the drummer all up. He tried to bribe the guard to run up to the corner store and beg the king to modify the sentence. 'I'll give two dollars if you'll get him to change his mind and brand pie on the leg or in the newspapers,' he offered, hysterically.

"'Odds tomatoes!' I whispered to Tib, 'but we must leave here in very sooth.'

"Then what was becoming an extremely unlovely situation, with the busy hammers clanging away on the gibbet and the tall Jasper at the window trying to make gimlets in our legs with his pike, was given a new direction by a lusty shout at the front door and the sound of a voice crying: 'Hooray! A Monmouth! A Monmouth!' And then the portal was cast down and my Lord Ezra Somebody hawled forth: 'Hello, folkses. Where be ye?'

"'And come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?' quavered Tib, while the drummer shuddered and protested that our visitors were as welcome as hailers.

"'We're friendly. Hooray for Monmouth!' cried the rabble.

"'Let the portcullis fall and enter,' invited Tib. 'Then to me. Don't you see, we're rescued. When the leading fay hypnotized this weak-minded chorus into viewing him as his majesty King James, he necessarily supplied the windy suggestion: that is, the suggestion of a Monmouth, like our reception. The last implied a handful of supporters, and now we'll leave this dungeon, raise the west, and the insane equation is completed. James has created a Frankenstein that will devour him.'

"'Say, I knew a feller once named Fleckenstein. He traveled—' began the drummer, eagerly; but 'Hist, vassal,' commanded one of the newcomers, and he histed.

"The floor grew warm under our prancing feet as we hurried to leave the hall. The halberdier leaned in the window, and, eyeing us curiously, cried: 'Ye didn't git out by th' winder, did ye? I was told ter guard it, and, by gum, I have!' But he made no move to stop our passing through the door, and Tib swore he was a man with a heart in his bosom. On the other side of the keep the volunteer cabinet makers kept pounding away at the gibbet and recked us not, although one blur whistled with sinister shrillness, 'Let Erin Remember.'

"Our new captors numbered about a dozen and watched us keenly, although accepting Tib as their master. For when we tried to say good-night and sneak away after our wheels they caused us to hesitate and informed us we would be piked to death if we made another break. 'We've left our hocin' to stand by ye, an' don't ye dast to caper any,' warned one.

"'I trow we shall not part in scorn,' assured Tib.

"'Then let that tall feller stop his rantin',' remonstrated another.

"'Beshrew me,' groaned the drummer, keeping close to us; 'but say, fellers, this isn't real, is it? I'm still traveling for the Buffalo house, ain't I?'

"'I don't know why we took anybody besides Monmouth fer,' declared the leader, stopping short and eying us evilly. 'Before this queer spell come on I don't remember as we had any call ter rescue anybody but Monmouth.'

"'Let's kill th' other two,' suggested a corn-haired boy, cheerfully.

"'Hold!' roared Tib. 'These two men we all wot of are leal and true. Who touches a hair of their gray heads—'

"'I snum, but ye're touchy, I guess!' broke in the corn-haired youth. 'I only want ter do what's right. If ye don't want 'em killed, say so. I didn't think 'twould make no difference. I'm sartin no one would miss either on 'em.'

"We were now clear of the main street and apparently leaving the settlement. I had an idea of dodging into the bushes and escaping, but Tib whispered we would accomplish nothing except to alienate our few faithful followers. 'Taunton will receive us warmly,' he added, and I suddered. He said it so earnestly that I feared his intellect was looping the loop, and I'm sure the drummer felt the noose. Then our adopted parents quickened the pace and conversation was killed by the high hill we now began to climb. It seemed as if we'd been on that hill for years. In pausing to look back on the lights of the village it seemed as if cries of rage were fretting the balmy summer night, and I could hear the drummer's teeth clinking like pebbles in a tin can.

"'Marry, come up,' quoth Tib at last; 'whence are we hencing?' And in the moonlight I saw the old fellow was mopping the sweat from his round face.

"'Can't we call on the overseer of the poor, or at a drug store, and get a bite to eat?' moaned the drummer. 'I have had naught, fair sire—'

"'Good form!' cried Tib, approvingly.

"'Oh, I'm going fast,' whimpered the drummer. 'It seems real to me now, and if I only had a hooded hawk, or a baldric, I'd be doing a huntsman's stunt. But, honest, fellers, I've had nothing in my stomach but rain water for three days. And I had to steal that out of a barrel by the window when the archers were playing horseshoe on the green. I could eat a mustard plaster or a coat of arms.'

"I suggested that we stop and rest, and the guards for a wonder were willing. I could see, too, they were uneasy. Tib said it was because they didn't know what to do next, being removed from the zone of the king's influence. I reckon he hit it right, for

And Down the Steep Hill We Sped.

the corn boy swore he was going back and ask his majesty for further instructions. By this time the drummer had come light-headed and persisted in reciting 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.' Tib anticipated the corn boy's declaration by announcing: 'Calls, we'll all go back and hunt up the king. We'll keep him with us, so we'll always know just what to do.'

"But we mustn't hurt him,' expostulated one. 'Old Freeman Hucky is one of the best old souls in Tanker's Mills. Lord! Where'd I get that name? Sounds mighty familiar, too.' And the last was in deep perplexity.

"'Say, fellers, can't we break into one of those barns and git some oats to eat?' babbled the drummer. 'A dish of nice, clean oats would look mighty good to me.'

"'Ye varyment!' cried Corn Hair; 'if ye don't shut up I'll use th' goad on ye. I tell ye, boys, we're all goin' ter feel sorry if we don't kill this chap. Th' king said we'd get ter kill somebody.' But Tib and I pacified him and explained there was no gain in slaying an insect, and at last we were marching towards the village.

"'It's time to duck,' I whispered to Tib.

"'Let's first get a whack at King James,' he pleaded. 'And, Billy, what if we catch him and lock him up? Won't that make me ruler of Tanker's Mills? We'd be so out off from interference that probably we could run this place as a monarchy all summer. And do you know, I've always hankered to wear the purple.'

"'Not for a gold mine,' I objected, now fearing that his dreams of empire would cause him to cut up. For I knew that he would just like to sway the scepter over Tanker's Mills, despite the fact that a despotism within the United States is incongruous.

"'I'm going to pause long enough to devour that pump,' interrupted the drummer, now walking like a drunken man.

"We were entering the village at the time, and only Corn Hair's promise to assassinate him held him to the path. Then, whom should we meet, practically unattended, but King James himself. 'Out on thee, arrant knave!' he cried, on beholding Monmouth. 'Ho, warden! ho men at arms! Hither, I command thee!'

"'Not on your life!' howled the drummer, coming to his senses and clapping his soft hat over his majesty's mouth.

"'Hold him,' cried Tib, in a low voice, applying his handkerchief to the august arms and thus reversing history. 'Now, march him quietly to the town hall.'

"'Say, fellers, don't ye dare hurt Freeman Hucky,' warned one of the guards, as with poor grace they allowed us to drag the old man along. Several of them also incited gay feelings by producing coarse-looking jackknives.

"'No harm shall befall a single whisker in his venerable beard, gentle sirs,' vouchsafed Tib, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of the much-prayed-for bikes.

"Our insurgents then burst into a song of abuse and threw down their cartel of defiance, and said they were tired of a fat old Monmouth and that they would change allegiance and aid King James' followers in executing us on the now-finished gibbet. By this time we were close to the little hall, and in the bright moonlight could admire every detail of the clumsy yet businesslike-looking gallows. What added to our fear was the sound of shouting in the hall, where, through the lighted windows, we beheld a motley group of scamps, dancing and waving home-made weapons. But just then, like a beacon-light to the hopeless mariner, we caught the friendly twinkle of our bikes' frames, and with one accord we pushed the king against the deserters and, as they tumbled and romped on the ground, we beat our hot footsteps towards the goal.

"In a second, it seemed, the hall had disgorged more enemies, and the whole pack were after us as we gained our perambulators and tried to hop the saddles.

"'Where do I come in, Monmouth?' howled the drummer.

"'Lord, if we haven't forgotten the spy!' cried Tib. 'Here, Silver, jump up behind me. Nay, choke me not entirely with thy caresses. Now, hang tight and steal away.'

"And down the steep hill into the black shadows we sped, with a frenzied mob of King James' men in fearsome pursuit. When we reached the level and began climbing the next hill they all but had us. But just as they would have gathered us to their bosom we reached the crest and slid from view. And the way the drummer clung to Tib would cause the champion trick cyclist to blush for inability.

"And so we left them in all their glory and made Beanville in safety. And what do you think, sir! When we'd lodged complaint, and a posse of constables had gone over to Tanker's to straighten out the general brain tangle, they found no trace of the King James germ. But instead old Freeman Hucky was in the midst of the belief that he was an algebraic equation that would never be solved if he kept perfectly quiet. And as he didn't wish to be solved, Tanker's was the most peaceful place on the map, and, so far as I know, has never met with royalty since the time Tib and I joggled the throne."

"I Say Fellers, I'll Admit You're All Kings."

"SOME WITH THE LADIES."

Thought Much of by the Girls but Not by the Old Man.

The two young women entered the car with a young man the other night and sought seats in the far end. The women—though really they were only girls—had their hair arranged in the extreme of fashion. Each young head was exactly as big as a bushel in circumference, and each was topped with an enormous hat crowned with a feather duster.

The man was an emaciated, atrocious youth, with a grinning countenance and an air of great satisfaction which was not lessened by the way in which the young women hung upon his slightest word.

He told jokes for a while for their amusement and then began to talk about himself.

"Say, I'm some with the ladies," he commenced gracefully.

"Ah! now," cried the girls rebukingly.

"I just am," declared the man; "if you don't believe it read these," and with that he dragged a sheaf of letters from his pocket and proceeded to distribute them to his companions.

With shrieks of delight they drew the missives from their envelopes and began to read, while the man read aloud the one he held for the benefit of whosoever it concerned. "Listen here," he said. "She asked me never to tell a soul this, but it's too good to keep," and then he read the story which his correspondent had confided to him.

The two girls ceased the perusal of the letters they held to listen to this more interesting matter.

"Ain't it just like Susie to believe you wouldn't tell?" said one of them contemptuously.

And "why, I hadn't an idea you was so popular," remarked the other, admiringly.

An elderly man sitting across the aisle had listened to this conversation growling under his breath. Now, he spoke aloud, but to no one in particular. "You shouldn't get off this car unkicked if I were a bit younger," said he, apparently to the electric lights, but the young man kept on reading.—Baltimore News.

WAY BRIDGET VIEWED IT.

Nothing Missed—"Th' Dago Didn't Have His Organ with Him."

A lady, wealthy and socially prominent, once sought to break in a new Irish maid-servant by putting her at answering door. The very first day, it chanced that a certain distinguished and titled Italian gentleman called during the lady's absence. In broken English the foreigner asked for the mistress, and, being told that she was not at home, left his card and went away. When the lady returned she at once inquired of the new girl if anyone had called while she was away.

"Yis, mum," answered the girl, carelessly nodding toward the card receiver; "an' he left his caird."

Picking up this card and perceiving the titled foreigner's name thereon, the lady became visibly agitated.

"Oh, Bridget," she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry I wasn't at home when this gentleman called!"

"Sure," was the disdainful reply, "an' ye didn't miss anything, mum!"

Her mistress stared at her in amazement.

"Bridget, what do you mean?"

"Th' dago didn't have his hand organ wid 'im!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Enigmatical Calamity.

Men have often abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had—being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity.—Demetrius Phalereus.

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An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

JANUARY
CLEARANCE SALE!

Our Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

Begins SATURDAY, Jan. 16, and Ends SATURDAY, Jan. 30.

Each season, before inventory, we close out the remnants and open stock of winter goods at a great reduction from regular prices to make room for Spring Goods. The goods we offer are regular stock in our store and not a cheap lot of goods shipped in for this sale. Every article advertised on this sheet is in stock now and can be seen and examined at any time. Every article is the product of a reliable manufacturer, not the odds and ends of a bankrupt sale as are so often offered in place of regular goods.

We have used this Clearance Sale idea for a number of years and find it a satisfactory method of disposing of winter stock at prices that are much in favor of the purchasers and those attending our sales are always amply repaid for their visit. We are not giving goods away for they, being bought from reliable houses, have to be paid for, and consequently we must sell goods, not give them away. We are selling good staple merchandise---not trash. We will not have a high salaried auctioneer or sales manager for this sale and get you to pay his salary added to the price of your goods.

This is a Clearance Sale. Prices are reduced, not advanced. And ONE PRICE TO ALL. No exceptions.

PLEASE REMEMBER---That the prices quoted below are for cash and no goods will be charged.

Ladies' Underwear and Hosiery.

Outing Gowns, 1.25 kind, at	$ .83
1 lot ladies' pants, 1.00, sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, special price	.75
1 lot ladies' Onita Union Suits, were 2.50 and 2.00, at	.98
1 lot ladies Fleeced Shirts and Pants, 50-cent quality	.39
1 lot assorted sizes in ladies' small sizes and odd sizes in children's (on the 19c table) at	.19
50c Wool Hose, black, at	.39
25c Wool Hose, black, at	.19
25c Fleeced Hose	.19
15c Fleeced Hose	.11
Ladies' Munsing Union Suits and Separate Garments at	¼ off

Carpets and Rugs.

1 only, Kolax Rug 9x12, was 25.00, at	$19.50
3 only, Best Axminster, 9x12, at	20.00
3 All Wool Art Squares, 9x12	7.75
1 Shervian, 9x12, was 13.50, at	10.00
All small rugs at reduction of ⅓ or more	
1 3-12 Hall Runner, was 15.00, at	9.00
1 roll 27 in. Velvet Carpet, worth 1.40, per yd	1.00
3 rolls Ingrain, selling at 59c yd., clearing price per yard	.47
1 roll Pro Brussels, good pattern, per yd	.65
2 rolls All Wool Ingrain, 80c value, per yd	.65
All small pieces, 4 to 10 yds., per yd	30 to .50
2 rolls Granite Carpeting, 33c quality, per yd	.25
75 Carpet Samples, 1½ yds. long, make excellent rugs, are each	50 to 1.90
Remnants of Matting at one-half price.	

Shirt Waists.

Black Lawn and Sateen Waists, were 1.25	$ .79
1 lot ladies' Waists	1.19
5.50 and 6.00 Waists	3.75
1 lot ladies' Waists, Net and all over Lace, at	2.50
6.50 and 7.00 Waists	4.75

Men's Wear.

Men's Outing Gowns, 1.25 value, at	$ .98
Men's Outing Gowns, 1.00 value, at	.79
Men's Muslin Gowns, 1.00 value, at	.50
Men's All Wool Shirts, 2.00 values, Riches & Blackman's, blues, greys, tans, each	1.50
Men's and Boys' High Neck Sweaters, sizes 24 to 40, at	.39
Men's Grey High Neck Sweaters, 1.75 and 2.00 quality, at	.98
Munsing Union Suits, wool and fleeced cotton, all sizes, (best wearing garment on the market)	¼ off
Special clearance of men's and boys' Winter Caps, 50c to 1.00 values, at	.33
1 lot men's Half Hose, mostly 25c fancy, at per pair	.13
1 lot men's Sweaters, mostly white, 2.25 and 3.50, extra value, at	1.48
Boys' Sweaters worth 1.25 and 1.50, at	.79
Men's Half Hose, assorted lot, black and tan, at per pair	.10
50c Suspenders	.38
25c Suspenders	.19

Embroidery and Laces.

1 lot Embroidery 10c to 14c, at per yd	$ .08
1 lot Embroidery 15c to 22c, at per yd	.11
Lace, special for the sale, Lot No. 1, 3c; No. 2, 5c; No. 3, 10c; No. 4, 15c per yd.	

Coat and Suit Department.

In this department we offer better values than ever before. With a good line of Garments to choose from, every one a stylish garment from the most reliable coat houses in America. Prices will convince you that we are right.

Children's line has been marked to close the entire stock at prices regardless of cost, divided into lots as below:

$1.00 $1.75 $2.50 $3.75 $5.00

If in need of Children's Coats this will interest you.

FURS AT HALF PRICE—

A nice assortment of popular furs at practically your own price.

LADIES' COATS—

Black Caracule Coats, sizes 34 and 36 were	$45, $40, $35 at		$17.00
"	$22, $21		11.50
6 Black Jackets, satin linings, sizes 36, 38, 40, were $12.50 to 15.50, Clearance sale			8.50
1 Black Box Coat, size 40, value 25.00 at			15.00
1 Heavy Blue Storm Coat, size 36			13.00
1 " " " Misses 15, was 9.00			6.00
3 Yankee Printzess Black, sizes 36, 38, 40, were 12.50			8.50
10 of our $25.00 special Black Coats, size 36 to 42			17.50
4 Directoire Coats, Napoleon collar, sizes 36, 38, 40 46, were 19.00			12.50
1 Green Directoire	" 36	" 27.50	15.50
1 Empire Coat, black	" 36	" 24.00	9.50
1 Gray Checked Fitted Coat	" 36	" 27.50	10.50
1 Black Fitted Coat	" 36	" 18.00	8.00
1 Cravenet Rain Coat	" 36	" 22.50	12.00
1 " " "	" 36	" 18.50	12.00
1 Black " "	" 36	" 19.00	12.50
1 Gray thin "	" 36	" 16.00	7.50
1 Gray Suit	" 34	" 15.00	5.00
1 Black Fine Serge	" 36	" 22.50	12.50
1 Brown 7-8 length sleeve	" 36	" 22.50	12.50
3 Suit, Red, Blue and Brown, sizes 32, 34, 36, were special at		17.50	12.50
1 Dark Red fancy striped Suit, size 34		was 18.00	12.50
2 Suits, Dark Gray, size 36, Brown, size 34,		" were 20.00	14.50
1 Black Suit, size 36			12.50
1 Brown Fancy Serge Suit, size 34			14.50
1 " Embroidered Coat		was 40.00	22.00
2 Brown, 1 Red Coats, size 36		" 25.00	12.50
1 Black, 34 size		" 22.00	11.50
12 Skirts, value $5.00 to 7.00 at			3.75
7 Skirts, value $8.50 to 10.50 at			5.00
2 Black Voile Skirts, value $12.50			9.00
4 " " " " 15.00			11.00

Domestics.

Apron Gingham, per yard	$ .05
9-4 Bleached Sheeting, per yd	.20
81-90 Bleached Sheets, each	.43
45 in. Pillow Cases, each	.10
Outing Flannels, ALL, per yd	.08
Dress Gingham, 12½ to 15c, at	.10
Unbleached Muslin, 36 in. wide, per yd	.05
All Linen Toweling, brown, per yd	.06
All Linen Toweling, half bleached, per yd	.08

Notions,

and Small Things that You Always Need, and at Savings that Tell.

10c White Cottage Rods complete	$ .05
10c Toilet Paper	.06
12½c Stair Pads	.09
10c Canvas Glove	.06
15c Canvas Gauntlet Gloves	.10
10c men's Cotton Work Hose	.06
10c paper and envelopes, per box	.06
5c ladies' white handkerchiefs	.03
Men's Red Handkerchiefs	.05
Pearl Buttons, 1 doz. on card	.02
24 in. Suit Case, 1.25 kind, at	.98
W. B. Corsets, 1.00 kind, at	.75
W. B. Corsets, 1.50 kind, at	1.00
Some odd sizes, 1.00 kind	.50
Rubber Door Mats, each	.69
Small roll Cotton Batting	.05
12½c kind Cotton Batting	.10
18 and 20c kind Cotton Batting	.15
Boys' Hose that were 15c, double knee, per pr	.09

Dress Goods and Silks.

Any purchase of Dress Goods or Silk will be less 20 per cent. or	1-5 off

Leather Hand Bags.

The Complete Line	1-3 off

Shoes and Rubbers.

Ladies' Low Rubbers, sale per pair	$ .50
Ladies' Storm Rubbers, sale per pair	.55
Men's Rubbers, sale per pair	.69
1 lot ladies Shoes, most all sizes, at	1.00
All other Shoes less	10 per cent.
Special offerings each day in Shoe department—of odd lots and odd sizes.	
Boys' Canvas Leggins	.50
Children's Leather and Corduroy Leggins, were 1.00 and 1.25	.75

Lace Curtains.

Entire stock of 30 patterns, straight discount ..... 25 per cent.

Some soiled Curtains used for display, ⅓ off regular price.

Pillows, Comforts, Blankets.

10 pairs Pillows, 2½ lb., at per pair	$ 1.55
5 pairs Pillows, were 3.25, at per pair	2.50

A few pair of Cotton Blankets at reduction, only a few left.

Woul Blankets at ⅓ off regular price.

"MAISH" COMFORTS.

This special line we will offer for the first time at less than advertised prices. Every one guaranteed perfect by the manufacturers.

Prices from 1.00 to 4.00.

Clearing sale .75 to 3.00.

McCall's Patterns for sale here, 10c & 15c, none higher. McCall's Magazine, 5c the copy, 50c the year. A free pattern with each yearly subscription left here.

THE LINDHOLM CO. SMETHPORT, PA.